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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE SISTERS. Engraved by R. GRAVES, A.R.A., from the Picture by Sir C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. THE HERDSMAN. Engraved by J. B. ALLEN, from the Picture by N. BERGMAN, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
3. THE LAST JUDGMENT. From the Painting by MICHEL ANGELO, in the Sistine Chapel, Rome.

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Subscribers to the ART-JOURNAL will observe many improvements in that Journal during the year 1859: we hope we are free to believe that, since the first publication of the work in 1839, each annual volume has been better than its predecessor—that such has been the case year after year. Certainly this has been the aim of our labour: if, in some departments, we have not surpassed that which preceded, in others there has been an obvious advance; and we claim, taken altogether, to have annually improved the Publication since its commencement—twenty-one years ago. We shall continue to act on this principle, so long as we receive the large amount of public support that justifies the expectation of corresponding efforts.

The public will accept our past as a guarantee for our future in the conduct of this Journal. We shall continue to avail ourselves of every possible means by which to retain its place in public estimation, and, by augmenting yet more its large circulation, obtain that power which is ever essential to success.

While we neglect nothing of importance to artists, we shall endeavour to make the ART-JOURNAL a more welcome guest to the library and the drawing-room of the connoisseur and the amateur, by various arrangements, the nature and value of which will be developed as we proceed.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, four volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes; indeed, these earlier volumes are not to be procured easily, the entire twenty volumes being worth “in the market” much beyond their original cost.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1859.

THE
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.
THE NINETY-FIRST, 1859.

HE question as to whether that which is called Pre-Raffaellism has led to the exactitude that has now for some time characterized the drawing of our school, or the precision of which even twenty years ago there existed admirable instances in the works of artists who have lived to see the triumph of their principles, it is not necessary to determine here. The result, however, undoubtedly is, that the precisians are "masters of the situation." Indifferent as is the exhibition of this year, look where we may on these walls, there remain but two or three works—sketchy traditions of the infancy of the present century—that profess "spirited touch" to be the all in all. Thus the collection is preponderant in examples of manner wherein great exertion of labour has been directed towards the realization of minute detail, and, in innumerable instances, without the slightest feeling for effect, or even roundness. The platitude of surface and unwholesome breadth which so frequently accompany sharp and linear drawing, are offensive to taste of even the least refinement; for there are certain canons which must regulate the production of good Art; and when we find works that have been executed in obedience to these, combining at the same time exactitude of form, the result must be a quality which was not common to our school in the first quarter of the present century. Imitation of form is carried to a scrupulous extreme, and it is left to genius to discover the golden mean, of which we may say, that although there are no ambitious instances, the collection is not without worthy examples. It is not necessary to inquire whence the benefit has arisen,—the drawing and painting of our school has of late years improved, inasmuch that the manner of the French, once considered minutely definite, is now regarded as unsatisfactorily loose. This severity of practice is shown principally in the works of non-academical exhibitors, whose productions excite great public interest, and some of which are models of beauty and power.

We shall yet for years to come observe on the walls of the Academy the negative influence of the slowly progressive decorations of the Houses of Parliament. The best figure painters of the body academic are subsidized for the most precious years of their lives. When Maclise, Herbert, Ward, Dyce, mingle fitfully in the throng, their writing on the walls of the citadel of Art has not the grand decla-

matory force with which we know they have the power to move our sympathies. We are told to search the Houses of Parliament. We do, and find their essays hidden in lobbies, chambers, and corridors—sacrificed to inexorable architecture and uncompromising stained glass. The palace at Westminster will be the wailing place of many of the best works of our day. When these painters are in their places on the walls of the Academy, their presence is apologetic: they exhibit some diversion of their leisure hours, and thus do no more, from time to time, than make "signs."

Ward concludes the misfortunes of the royal family of France by the act of accusation of Marie Antoinette. Herbert exhibits a single figure—Mary Magdalen. Dyce paints 'Contentment'—an aged ferryman; and Maclise a graceful trifle from Moore's Irish Melodies. And these must be received in the stead of pictures of nobler purpose, such as we might have had if the artists whose name were not employed for the Houses of Parliament. The pictures exhibited by Sir Edwin Landseer fail to maintain the impressions which have been made by those that have gone before, although of the four there is one that no other hand can equal. And even while we write, we receive the sad intelligence that the profession has lost one of its most accomplished members; one whose works—conceptions of refined and elegant taste—have ever, during his long and brilliant career, been sources of pleasure to the public,—we mean Mr. Leslie, to whose memory a fitting tribute is paid elsewhere in our pages. By this eminent artist there are two pictures. The works of F. R. Pickersill are more earnestly historical than any that have preceded them; and Egg's 'Cromwell at Naseby' is an original idea, that has suffered somewhat in a perhaps hasty execution. Horsley's 'Milton' is one of the most charming productions of its class; and in Frederick Goodall's 'Felice Baldrin' we see re-productions of the men that sat to the worthies of the Venetian school. Phillip's picture is a work of great power and perfect accuracy, as descriptive of national costume and character. Frith exhibits only a portrait,—he is gathering material for another well-peopled canvas. Mulready has enfeebled his small picture by painting a naked child in it; for, beautifully as he draws the nude, he does not colour it well. Stanfield, Roberts, Redgrave, Lee, and Creswick, contribute subjects in their respective departments, as do some others; and a certain number do not this year appear as contributors.

Millais' figures of this year falsify the position he has so rashly striven to vindicate. Of them there can be no other interpretation than that they are a painful recantation of the principles to which it was the creed of his followers that we must all subscribe at last. His pictures are placed on the line because he has been received into the associateship of the Academy; but it cannot be believed that such works could otherwise have procured him that distinction, nor can it be supposed they will ever raise him to full membership. But where are the demonstrations of those who have been so boastful of their "Pre-Raffaellite" heresy? We meet here and there with figures by ones and twos—all essence—shivering in their ecstatic meagreness,—mendicants rather than saints,—craving your charity rather than praying God's blessing. The charity with which the "hangers" have regarded the essays of lesser professors of the faith should not have been denied to the works of Mr. Millais,—he suffers an irreparable injury by the too conspicuous exposure of his pictures. They will be remembered when all else he has done is forgotten.

The works of our rising school are legion even in the exhibition, and there must have

been a thousand rejected. All these evince a certain pretension in mechanical power, and a portion of them are the results of poetic sentiment; but a multitude show that their authors construe originality as the selection of a bald passage from some eccentric poem, and the following it out in all its maudlin affectation.

It must be admitted that the exhibition of 1859 is below the average: we do not complain that there is no *one* picture of universal interest and attraction—that is an advantage; but it is subject for reflection and regret that we fail to obtain evidence of marked advance in any of the leaders of our school, while we seek in vain for new candidates whose productions give assurance that they are destined to fill the places which Time is now frequently rendering vacant. We do not find proofs that the men of mark who are aged, or who have gone from us, are to be replaced by others as likely to uphold the fame of our nation.

Yet a grand future is before us, if we can greatly meet it. All the disadvantages by which the Royal Academy has been encumbered, all the obstacles that impede its progress, all the difficulties, real or presumed, that have been the excuses of its members for doing *only* what they have done to foster and strengthen British Art, are in due course of removal; and the question is, or soon will be, shall we be in a condition to prove that the evils of which we have been so long and so energetically complaining are really those that embarrass Art in England, and that if relieved from them, our powers would be better seen and appreciated, and our glories be more unquestionably manifest? We confess to some dread of the issue, when a new palace of modern Art is found in Piccadilly, and we have failed to attribute our failures and "shortcomings" to limited space, and so forth, in Trafalgar Square.

Possibly, as we grow older, our memories may revert to the past with too much of old love: but we confess our hearts are sad as we call to mind the exhibitions at Somerset House, in rooms far more circumscribed than are those at the National Gallery, when Mulready, Leslie, Eastlake, Landseer, Stanfield, and Roberts, were in their prime, and Turner, Hilton, Wilkie, Callcott, Lawrence, Constable, and others almost as note-worthy, were the contributors by whom the walls were furnished. It is, however, wiser to hope than to despond, and it is certain that what is called our "rising school" has many excellences, and gives much good promise, although not in force sufficient to make us forget our glories, as they were exhibited, year after year, before Millais painted and Ruskin wrote.

We proceed to review the collection. Although, as heretofore, we devote considerable space to the great Art-topic of the year, we have now, as ever, to regret that we shall be compelled to limit our notices to comparatively few words of comment. For many good works we have had to search far above "the line," and as much below it as possible. "The hangers" are certainly not to be envied; but there are cases on these walls so flagrant that to attribute them to ignorance—to the inability to distinguish merit from mediocrity—would be wrongfully to accuse "the three." Is this power to give heart-pangs—to blight hopes and ruin prospects—to continue always? We have the means of judging when obvious injustice has been committed in reference to pictures that are placed, but we can do little more than guess at the melancholy results as regards the works of artists who have been rejected altogether! We should startle, as well as pain, our readers, if we were to explain some of the cases that have been submitted to us,—of pictures by painters who have earned fame, to whom "admissions" seem unaccountable impossibilities.



No. 8. 'The Village Bridge,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. The bridge is a picturesque object, and in the picture there is a reminiscence of the artist's earlier faith—minus the freshness of expression. The copal is too evident in the touch; and in matters more important, the work is but a reminder of what the painter has done.

No. 9. 'Grace Harvey's Visit to the Sick Girl,' W. GALE. The subject, we are told, is found in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago;" but the incident speaks so distinctly for itself, and is so commonplace, that it were by no means necessary to go so far for such material. The two figures are most delicately executed, and the room in which the interview takes place is minutely described; but the curtain at the window comes too forward.

No. 15. 'The Vale of Rest,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. The friends of Pre-Raphaelite art are entirely at a loss to divine into what the professions of their *protégés* will finally be resolved. The composition to which the title attaches is somewhat large: it contains two figures, both nuns; one is digging a grave, while the other sits by in a contemplative pose. The churchyard, or convent cemetery, is enclosed, and beyond the wall there is nothing to break the sky save the trees which grow in the place. The recent works exhibited by Mr. Millais have been a series of surprises, but this even more than all that have gone before excites especial wonder. The graveyard, with its fresh grass, trees (painted, by the way, very much as if from photography), and appropriate incident, we dismiss by saying that it could not have been better; of the nuns there is more to be said. In all previous works the faces have been stippled with surpassing *finesse*, but the features of the woman digging are as coarsely painted as any trial sketch that Hogarth ever made. Again, the figure is distorted into false action, and is glaringly imperfect in drawing. With respect to the sitting figure, the head does not seem to belong to the body,—the features are coarse in character, and vulgar in colour. Mr. Millais has shown that he possesses knowledge and power, but every successive production of late has been a new phase, inasmuch that we still ask, "What is Pre-Raphaelite art?" This painter must surely be trying to probe the depths of human credulity.

No. 21. 'Paris in Portugal—Costumes of Grigo, near Oporto,' J. SCHENCK. The subject is extremely fantastic—Portuguese reapers wearing *chapeaux de dames*. The effect of this composition is destroyed by disingenuous treatment; the natural daylight hue of the corn-field would have brought the figures forward.

No. 22. 'The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's,' H. W. PHILLIPS. An admirable likeness of the poet Milman: such as his co-mates and posterity will like to see him. It is excellently painted, and bears evidence of a master hand, and a kindred spirit.

No. 23. 'The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury,' G. RICHMOND, A. A simple half-length of the size of life, with a cast of inquiry on the features. The spire of the cathedral is in the background. The taste of these personal allusions is very questionable.

No. 25. 'A Pleasant Way by the River,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. The entire upper field of view is a screen of the foliage that overhangs a path on the river-bank, made out with a reverent attachment to the simplest construction of the colour and the breadth of nature.

No. 26. 'Prison Solace,' R. CARRICK. Always a touching incident, when set forth with a becoming feeling. A young man, a prisoner, has ascended to the window of his cell, to hold discourse with some dear heart—a wife, or at least a betrothed. His arm is passed through the bars, to which her face is closely pressed. The artist has been ill at ease for

costume—something less scenic had been more pathetically eloquent; and then the brilliant colour of the hose suits but ill with the spirit of a meeting which proposes to touch the tender emotions. *Certes*, in colour there is a sentiment never failing if faithfully appealed to. Had we seen but half a limb of this prisoner we should have recognised the acrobat of the 'Weary Life,' of last year.

No. 27. 'A Woodland Bank,' H. MOORE. A small paradise of wild flowers, grasses, and weeds—a fragrant nook of surpassing beauty.

No. 30. 'An Incident in the Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. The "incident" is related in a passage of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," being the little Fritz's earliest indication of an "appetite for soldiery," by "strutting about and assiduously beating a little drum." The two children—for there are two—are admirably painted. The draperies are broad and effective, yet by no means slight in colour or finish. The characters are conceived and expressed with force and truth, and altogether there are few more meritorious works in the collection. The "hangers" do not appear to be of this opinion, or have, at all events, acted as if they were not; they have been influenced neither by intelligence nor gallantry. The picture is small: yet it is so placed as entirely to destroy its value—immediately under Mr. Grant's "killing" lady, and on the ground, where it will have a continual coating of dust. We rarely attribute wrong motives; but it is difficult to know upon what principle "the three" have so effectually ruined this accomplished lady's work.

No. 31. 'Mrs. Baillie Cochrane,' F. GRANT, R.A. A small full-length: the lady is standing with her left hand resting on the back of a chair. It is a graceful figure, though more sketchy in execution than other similar works by its author.

No. 32. 'Pavonia,' F. LEIGHTON. By a simple process of etymological deduction this lady is so christened because she holds up a fan of peacock's tail, which relieves the head. It is an original idea, effectively available in a picture. The head is full of character, and the quality of the painting is incomparably superior to that of 'Samson Agonistes,' or any other later work.

No. 34. 'Portrait,' S. COLE. That of a little boy in a red dress, telling well from the brilliancy of its colour.

No. 36. 'Walton-on-Thames,' W. E. BATES. A pleasant reminiscence of an always agreeable subject: seen better, it would be better appreciated.

No. 39. 'The Late Charles Dixon, Esq., of Stansted Hall, Hants,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. A full-length figure of the size of life; a production of great power and reality.

No. 40. 'The Night before Naseby,' A. L. EGG, A. Of the 'Night before Naseby' there may be many interpretations—it may have been passed by the opposing hosts as was the night before Hastings. Our attention is addressed, however, to but one man, and that man is Cromwell. He is on his knees, praying fervently in his tent, with his Bible before him supported by his sword—a little trick to which we take objection. His features are entirely in shade, the light being at his back; but the shade is so heavy and opaque that in time the head will settle into a black spot. The lines of the tent canvas interfere much with the composition. Beyond we see the tented field lighted by the moon. The subject is a good one, and it is brought forward without any vulgar display of military apparatus; its selection is evidence of thought, and the treatment proves reading and reflection. It is not, however, an agreeable picture, although unquestionably the production of a master thoroughly imbued with a knowledge and love of Art.

No. 41. 'Claude sketching the Tomb of Plautus, near Tivoli,' W. D. KENNEDY. A landscape with a title bearing reference to Claude should be of more classical character than that which is seen from the bridge, even with the tomb of Plautus. The work is skilful in manipulation, but the colour is not that of nature.

No. 44. 'A Posthumous Portrait,' R. THORBURN, A. It is a small full-length of a child, a girl apparently about twelve years of age; a miniature in oil. The head is charmingly painted, and the composition supporting the figure is rich, but in good taste. The feet and legs, however, are too small and slight.

No. 45. 'Morning,' E. M. WARD, R.A. A profile study of the head and bust of a lady in walking-dress, apparently tending her flowers. The head comes forward palpable and life-like, and the picture is charmingly painted.

No. 46. * * * * J. A. FITZGERALD.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The subject is a flower-girl, who, as if weary with ill-success in selling her violets, is resting her head against an ivy-covered bank. The proposed sentiment is at once felt, and there is great merit in the execution of the several parts that make up an effective whole.

No. 55. * * * * J. SANT.

"Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought."

In one essential, of the utmost importance to the class of subject which he has adopted, Mr. Sant succeeds to admiration: his costume is of indefinite form—of no fashion, though always elegant, and it never in interest supersedes the figure. This is a lady looking from a window, both arms resting on a cushion. The features are beautiful, but they bespeak inward anxiety. There is a surpassing charm in every production of this accomplished artist's pencil.

No. 56. 'Tar, a celebrated Retriever, the property of Charles Brett, Esq.,' A. COOPER, R.A. There is only the dog—a black dog with a duck at his feet. It is a small picture, but the best its author has for some time exhibited; indeed, he has never produced a better.

No. 60. 'The Little Loiterer,' H. LE JEUNE. The landscape here is an important chapter of the story; it is solid, broad, and natural. The idler is a village child—a girl, who, on her way to school, is seated listlessly on a grassy bank. Nothing can be more commonplace than the circumstance in description; but the picture has that interest which the hand of genius alone can communicate, and which no detail can describe.

No. 61. 'A Grey Morning,' H. MOORE. A view sea-ward, with nothing for a theme save a shred of morning sky. Without colour, without an effort, the artist has produced a gem of price.

No. 62. 'Beilstein, on the Moselle,' G. STANFIELD. The Moselle is well known for its pictorial sites, and none of these is more attractive than Beilstein. The little quaint, dirty, interesting old town is viewed from the river-bank, so as to bring it under the hill with its crown of ruins. Every passage of the work is translated with unimpeachable sincerity of purpose. The preservation of local colour, with an effect so felicitous, is a triumphant success.

No. 63. 'A Huff,' J. PHILLIPS, A. Rather a large composition, presenting an extensive agroupment of Spanish holiday-makers, of whom the principal and centre-piece is a girl, who stands pouting and angry, having had a quarrel with her husband or lover, who is near, mounted on horseback. She is vexed even to tears; but that it is a quarrel with the man on horseback is not very perspicuous, although her companion wishes to induce her to turn round and speak to him. The figures

are numerous, and purely national in character and costume. The artist maintains his rank; it is not to be questioned; and if, in this work, he gives us less pleasure than he has given us on other occasions, we may be surely content with a production to be placed among the best of its class.

No. 65. 'Mrs. Peel,' H. WEIGALL. A portrait of the size of life, simple and elegant in treatment.

No. 69. 'The Countess della Torre,' R. BUCKNER. This would be a graceful portrait if the stature of the lady were not exaggerated beyond all possibility.

No. 70. 'The coast of Cornwall, near the Land's End—A Dismasted Ship rescued by a Steamer,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The ship and the steamer in this really grand work vitiate the pure and exalted style which prevails throughout the remainder of the picture. The subject is a section of sandstone rock, with a cliff beyond it, as a secondary and supporting quantity. The sandstone rock has been worn, torn, ground, washed, and riven by the action of the elements, and the surely destructive alternation of heat and cold during centuries. And this is what Mr. Lee has proposed to himself to paint, and this, and all the relative circumstances, he has realized with a magnanimity of feeling we rarely see equalled. If the small figures were removed, and the allusion to life expunged, the poetic argument would be inexpressibly enhanced. There is a want of grey in the shadows, but perhaps the artist does not feel this to be a disadvantage. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his long and honourable career.

No. 73. 'Puritan Emigrants—An English Pastor's Family,' C. LUCY. This is scarcely a probability: one of the voluntary exiles for faith's sake of the seventeenth century, lands on a lone coast with his Bible and his scant baggage, and sits bewailing the homeward-bound ship.

No. 74. 'On the River Wharfe, near Bolton Abbey,' N. O. LUTRON. The near passages of this picture are full of valuable truths; the scenery about the abbey is at once recognisable.

No. 75. 'Frederick Huth, Esq.,' W. BOXALL, A. The subject is presented in profile, seated; the head is an exceedingly careful study, and the whole exhibits rare talent; but the markings of the eye seem to want the strength of life.

No. 81. 'H. R. H. the Prince Consort, as Master of the Trinity House,' W. BOXALL, A. The Prince wears the uniform of the Trinity House; he is standing uncovered near the sea-shore, and behind him a storm is raging. There are extant better likenesses of the Prince: the drawing and proportions of the lower limbs are questionable. But the work is liable to a heavier objection; while the sea is roaring, and the winds are blowing, in the background, neither the one nor the other disturbs a feature or moves a hair of the subject of the picture. This is in all ways wrong: the *enlèvement* is destroyed—we feel at once that the circumstance is an impossibility.

No. 82. 'Warrior Poets of the South of Europe contending in Song,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A. The singer is one of the military troubadours of the thirteenth century, who is singing, to a harp accompaniment, a poetic recital of his own achievements, or those of some popular hero. The court of judgment is, according to the custom of the time, a tribunal of ladies, who, in this case, distribute themselves beneath the shade of an orange grove on the shores of the Mediterranean, somewhere, it may be, in the neighbourhood of Genoa. The female figures are numerous; all coincide in attention to the lay, but with as great a variety of expression and temperament as there are impersonations. It is a

large picture, bearing on its entire surface indications of studious labour. The different draperies are all cast in lines and forms, and worked in tones that promote the system of the composition. It is altogether a more important work of the poetic class than any which Mr. Pickersgill has yet produced.

No. 86. 'Summer,' S. R. PERCY. The broken, tufty, and uncared-for shred of old pasture that occupies the right section of this canvas is in reality the picture; the imitation of the worn and commonplace sunny surface is unexceptionable.

No. 87. 'R. J. Lane, A.E.,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. This is a successful portrait; the features are meditative, the real sentiment for such a head. The resemblance is perfect.

No. 96. 'Coming Summer,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. There is little or no variety in the material employed by Mr. Creswick in his larger compositions of late years: a river, trees, a village, a strip of common, and a piece of cultivated country in varied disposition, constitute the limit of his ambition. The principal quantity in this picture is a small knoll peninsulated by the bend of a little river, and from this base arises a company of aged elms, painted with a minuteness which seems to have grown out of the practice of drawing on wood. On the right is a village, the left opens to the cultivated fields. On every part of the surface the utmost care has been exerted, and with entire success as regards the nearest site.

No. 97. 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve at,' J. HAYLAR. The proverb is illustrated by a little girl in a greenhouse, who is admiring the flowers while her dog is worrying her doll behind her: bright in colour, and precise in the stipple of the figure.

No. 98. 'Love in Two Chapters,' J. MORGAN. The pendant is No. 100, and the two pictures describe the courtship and married life of two persons of humble station: they are neat in execution and agreeable in colour.

No. 101. 'Jean's Toilet,' J. D. WATSON. A study of a girl dressing her hair: the head and arms are painted up to a surface like ivory, but the lines are left extremely sharp. The right arm is longer than the left.

No. 104. 'Ousey Bells, on the Thames, near Windsor,' H. DAWSON. A piece of commonplace river scenery: the pith of the work is the sunny sky.

No. 105. 'The Poet to his Wife,' D. MACLISE, R.A.

"Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers—
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers—
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!"

We have seen a smaller version of this picture—differing it may be somewhat from this—painted for engraving as an illustration to Moore's works. The poet and his wife are two young people. She is busied in trimming the fuchsias and passion-flowers which cluster round her arbour, while he stands by philosophising as above. The proposed sentiment is fully established. It is, as are all the works of this admirable painter, interesting and beautiful. We may wish, however, he had given us a production of more importance.

No. 106. 'The Countess of Mulgrave,' W. GUSH. The draperies in this portrait are the *ne plus ultra* of lace and silk painting.

No. 113. 'Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.,' D. MACNEE. This portrait is painted for the Portrait Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Stanfield is standing, as in the act of sketching. It is an unmistakable identity.

No. 114. 'Repose,' C. W. COPE, R.A. A circular picture, showing a mother closely embracing her infant, in a manner which declares the tenderest affection of the parent. The colour is brilliant and broad—this, with

its other qualities, constitutes it one of the best of the minor performances of the artist.

No. 116. ***** W. GALE.

"Love thy mother, little one;
Kiss and clasp her neck again."

These lines from Hood stand in the place of a title to a miniature group of a mother and child, executed with a refinement of touch that rivals the most finished productions on ivory.

No. 118. ***** F. LEIGHTON.

"Looking at the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

The quotation refers to a study of a female head of a dark southern type, probably painted from the same subject as the figure in a work already noticed. There is much more in it than in the ordinary class of head studies.

No. 119. 'Off Guard,' M. J. LAWLESS. He who is in this happy condition is a trooper of the seventeenth century,—a royalist—and English, it would be at once determined, did not the watchword "Vive le Roy" stand inscribed on the wall. It is a small work, microscopic in finish.

No. 124. 'The Foreign Guest,' F. D. HARDY. The guest is the monkey of a peripatetic Italian musician, and the scene of his entertainment is a cottage, the inhabitants of which—father, mother, and children—welcome their visitor in the manner most acceptable to him, that is, by feeding him. It is equal to its author's best works.

No. 125. 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation, the day before her Trial,' E. M. WARD, R.A. The conceptions of the two characters, and all the circumstances of this subject, are perhaps as near the truth as may be. There is no extraneous accessory to divert the attention from the personal force of the figures, which are so opposite in their attributes. The queen, dressed in the plainest possible attire, sits in profile, opposed to the light, which defines the contour of the figure in a manner that brings it most effectively forward from the background. Fouquier Tinville, on his entrance, had surprised her at her religious duties: the crucifix is on the little table before her, and while he reads his document, she keeps her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and what she hears of the Act she receives with a certain curl of the lip, a reserve, and a dignity of pose, that bespeak contempt, and refusal to recognise the authorities whereby she is outraged. Tinville, a coarse, even brutal impersonation, wearing in his hat three feathers—white, red, and blue—sits swinging his legs under the window, holding the paper before him. This work seems to complete the series in which Mr. Ward has recorded the misfortunes of Louis XVI. and his family. As a picture it is a worthy conclusion to the valuable series, and, like its predecessors, will be placed among his best productions.

No. 133. 'William Henry Sawyer, Esq.,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. This portrait has been painted for the Hall of the Drapers' Company. It is a full-length, of the size of life; but that is all that can be seen of it, as the varnish has chilled.

No. 134. 'Posthumous Portrait,' Miss E. PARTRIDGE. A small study of a head, well rounded, and agreeable in expression.

No. 135. 'Waiting for the Ferry Boat—Upper Egypt,' J. F. LEWIS, A. Like the desert and daylight subjects of this artist, the pale breadth of the scene is unbroken by a single streak of shade. Mr. Lewis is true to the principle, that where there are no clouds there are no gradations. Those who await the boat are two camels and two Arabs; and an examination of the group proclaims the painter not so entirely at home with oil for a medium as water. The picture is, however, most carefully elaborated, and had we never seen the water-

colour paintings of the artist, we could not have made a comparison so disadvantageous.

No. 136. * * * * G. JONES, R.A.

"Daughter of Jove and Leda, blessed, once blessed,
When her two brothers, on their snow-white steeds
Conspicuous, at her nuptials waded the torch;
But the gods bore her from my house away."

The picture describes the rescue of Helen from Theseus, by her brothers Castor and Pollux, who, between them, careered through the sky, bear their fair burthen. It is really a pretty idea, but better suited for bas-relief than painting.

No. 137. 'The Fusee,' A. COOPER, R.A. We are here introduced to a shooting party, who are resting. The two ponies are well drawn.

No. 138. 'Doubtful Crumbs,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is a story of a large mastiff that, having picked a beef bone, fell asleep, but still kept one paw on the bone, at which a hungry puppy stands looking with the most grotesque expression of interest, but without daring to touch it. The black pup, with his eagerly protruding tongue and rough coat, is the point of the picture. Sir E. Landseer has painted many such heads as that of the mastiff, but he has done nothing which in its way will pair off with the poor hungry pup.

No. 139. 'Field Flowers,' H. LE JEUNE. The scene is a broad, low-toned composition, less than a landscape, as landscapes are now painted, but more than a background, as backgrounds have been painted; and in this happy valley are groups of children, who employ themselves in gathering and plaiting flowers. Rarely do we see incidents so insignificant qualified with so much sweetness of sentiment.

No. 143. 'Interior of a Farm-house,' A. PROVIS. So characteristically is all the garniture of this artist's humble and quaint interior painted, that the still-life surfaces far transcend the forms which are intended actually to live and breathe in them. They are interesting pictures; but the colour is not that of the realities: an approach to fidelity of tint would therefore be a new epoch.

No. 146. 'Sunbury on Thames,' W. E. BATES. The view is taken from the opposite bank. It is a small picture, in which the value of a breadth of grey tint is at once felt and acknowledged.

No. 148. 'Near the Common, Woking, Surrey,' F. W. HULME. The veracity of this foreground cannot be impugned. It is a nook closed in by trees,—such a scrap of way-side waste we may see fifty times instanced between Clapham and Woking, but not in one case would the "uneducated" eye discover a single picturesque combination. When, however, the rough and weedy bottom is translated to canvas, not only is the association of circumstance welcomed as beautiful, but the manner of its rendering is pronounced the perfection of Art.

No. 152. 'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hotspur. Why, my horse, my love—my horse.

First Part of Henry IV., Act II., Scene 3.

The farewell is presumed to take place on the grand staircase of Warkworth Castle. Hotspur is booted and bonneted for his journey, and the horse of which he speaks is held by a groom at the gate. His manner is as impatient as his words, but Lady Percy is all tenderness and solicitude. There are circumstances in the picture which might point to that passage of the play that has inspired the conception; but there are others so entirely at variance with all pre-conceived notions of Hotspur, as to forbid the supposition that Hotspur could be proposed in the male figure under consideration. This impersonation asserts that Hotspur was a man slight and under the middle stature, and his air, with his gloves, beret, and long boots assume him to have been a fop. His

manner is frivolous; it is true, the words which Shakspeare puts into his mouth are trifling, but they are meant as evasive, and might be uttered by a grave and thoughtful man, such as was the Harry Percy of Henry IV., before he set out on his desperate mission. This picture were a subject for a long chapter on costume and character, but we have not the space here for such a disquisition. We looked at it with sad interest, remembering that it is the last work of this gifted painter which we shall have to notice: the pictures of Leslie will henceforth be vainly sought for on the walls of the Academy.

No. 160. 'The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, at Venice. Erected pursuant to a decree of the Senate, as a monument of thanksgiving after the cessation of the great pestilence in 1632, in which 60,000 of the inhabitants perished,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. The church alone constitutes the picture, the purpose being to give it elevation and importance. The Dogana is shut out, as are the buildings that flank the canal, which would appear if the point of view were more distant. Mr. Roberts follows Canaletti in painting Venice in low-toned breadth, and consequently differs from all other living painters, who with one consent make it another Heliopolis, with its deity ever shining on it.

No. 163. 'Doing Crochet-Work,' E. DAVIS. Two young people—sisters—are here busied according to the title; the younger especially is a most successful study. The background is perhaps too flat, but it is a work of much excellence.

No. 165. 'Mary Magdalen with spices, approaching the tomb of our Lord—Study for part of a picture of the holy women passing at daybreak over the place of crucifixion,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A. The mind is at once affected by the inward suffering betrayed by these features. The eyes are inflamed with excess of weeping, and the face is wan with watching. It is a half-length figure; she carries the vessels containing the spices, and although but half of the person is visible, we see that she is in motion. With the most perfect propriety the costume is not conspicuous; the head is enveloped in a white drapery, which falls on to the shoulders, and besides this, there is a white robe and a blue mantle, and we doubt not this arrangement, as it is managed, has been a subject of anxious study. But the effect is the triumph of the picture: the time is just after daybreak, and the yet feeble morning light falls upon the left cheek with just sufficient power to bring the head gently forward from the background. The subject is mournful; there is, consequently, no prominence of colour, and with equal good feeling no parade of manner. In deep and touching sentiment the work is not surpassed by any other of any time or any school.

No. 167. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' W. MULREADY, R.A. The 'twig' in this case is an infant, whom its mother is teaching to pray. The defect of the picture we state at once, by saying that the child is in colour too red, and this redness, by the too free use of burnt sienna, is exaggerated in the shades. This artist does not succeed in painting the nude, that is, as to colour; but who is there, in any of the living schools, who could excel him, even of late years, in drawing the nude? Look at the morbidezza of the mother's face; the exquisite texture, the warm and yielding surface, the drawing and painting of the hands; the soft union of conterminous surfaces; the playful, yet unobtrusive trick of the hair—and tell us where the want of freshness is. We feel humiliated in asserting that, had the child been dressed, the picture would have been as good as many of the artist's most esteemed works. "Get thee glass eyes," and

look at the flesh surface; the finish is provokingly minute.

No. 173. 'England and Italy,' Mrs. J. B. HAY. A very quaint conceit—that of placing two boys side by side, an English and an Italian boy, in illustration of happy England and suffering Italy. The two figures are extremely well painted, as is the entire landscape; but, perhaps, in the entertainment of subject-matter of this kind, there is a waste of power, that would tell effectively in more legitimate material. This accomplished lady is now resident in Italy; as "Miss Benham" she obtained no inconsiderable repute by her pencil illustrations of Longfellow. We rejoice to find her aiming at a higher purpose, and very largely succeeding.

No. 174. 'The Good Shepherd,' W. DYCE, R.A.

"He shall carry the lambs in his bosom."

This is a literal presentation of the Saviour as the Shepherd; he gathers the sheep into the fold, bearing in his arms a lamb, and being followed by the sheep as he enters. Thus the language of Scripture is rendered by a literal interpretation in Art, for which it is scarcely necessary to say there is every precedent in the ancient schools. If the figure of the Saviour were removed from this composition, there would remain a landscape with a sheepfold paled in, trees, and a cultivated country, such as might be seen in any rural district round London; and in this the artist follows the simple conceptions of early Florentine painters. But the presence of the Saviour glorifies the whole, and elevates the version to the spirit of the scriptural text. It is painted in the most perfect purity of feeling; it is, in truth, a work of the highest order, compelling not only reverence for the theme, but respect for the artist who could so well conceive, and so admirably picture it.

No. 175. 'Bran will never put another stag to bay; and Oscar will no mak' out by himself. The deer will do fine yet,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. These are the words of the keeper, on seeing one of his best dogs killed in the water by a swimming stag, and the other likely to share the same fate. It is a large picture, showing principally the head of the stag, and that of the pursuing dog, which, as he is preparing to seize the stag, the latter is about to gore to death, as he has destroyed the other dog. The expression of the two animals is fierce and resolute, but the dread menace of the stag dooms the hound. The scene is an expanse of lake, agitated by a storm that prevails in the murky sky; the painting is, however, less satisfactory than in other productions by this eminent painter.

No. 182. 'A Fine Day in Arundel Park,' P. W. ELEN. The view is that from the high ground in the park, looking up the Arun towards the Weald; but the quality of the work cannot be seen, as it is too high.

No. 183. 'Mrs. Gaskell,' F. GRANT, R.A. The lady appears in an open composition, with snow on the ground, and consequently in winter walking dress, wearing the Andalusian hat, which is at present vulgarized; but this portrait will outlast the ephemeral fashion, and it will hereafter be considered a becoming head-gear. It is at once a portrait and a picture.

No. 184. 'On the Coast of Brittany,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The sea beats on the shore somewhat heavily, and in the meeting of the waves lies the argument of the picture. It is an ordinary low coast scene, broken by a variety of material, valuable only in pictures,—old groins, old boats, bits of wreck, spars, and rugged-looking men. There are few points of light; but the few we find are of great importance in the broad and generous treatment with which the subject is worked out.

No. 185. 'Interior of a Cottage in Brittany,'

D. W. DEANE. Few structures in the shape of human residences can be more sordid than this; but, as a picture, it is very vigorous, the light falling effectively on the back of a woman who is seated in the so-called cottage.

No. 190. 'Barley Harvest, on the Welsh Coast,' C. P. KNIGHT. Parts of the work are satisfactory; but there are certain cutting parallel lines that are destructive of unity of composition. The barley-field is the most agreeable feature in the picture, which everywhere indicates anxious elaboration.

No. 193. 'Cordelia receives intelligence how her Father had been ill-treated by her Sisters,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The lines that supply the subject occur in the third scene of the fourth act of "King Lear"—

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
Genl. Ay, sir! She took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek, &c.

Cordelia, as Queen of France, receives the letter, the contents of which bring tears to her eyes. On her right is he who has delivered it, and, on her left, her own attendants. Cordelia is a felicitous conception, becomingly carried out; the other characters are not so successful.

No. 194. 'James Wilson, Esq., M.P.,' SIR J. W. GORDON, R.A. The head looks somewhat large, but the features are those of the subject. The principle of the portrait has been to keep down everything but the head, according to which, the face becomes the centre whereto the eye is attracted. It is in all respects the work of a master, who yet remains without a rival.

No. 203. 'The Prize Calf,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is a smaller picture than those already noticed. The calf is being led by a girl over the stepping stones that cross some Highland burn. The figure is dressed with an ingenuity most valuable in pictorial composition, as, with the exception of the petticoat, to none of the other garments can a name be given. There is something pleasantly original in the treatment of the idea; but the picture looks filmy, shadowy, as if only prepared for finishing: it has, certainly, none of the brilliant properties that distinguish earlier works.

No. 204. 'Twilight,' J. W. OAKES. The tones are not sufficiently deep for twilight—it is but the aspect of a cloudy day. The force of the composition lies in a shingly nook on the left—a portion of the winter bed of a little river, whereon has been cast all the worthless jetsom of the winter floods. This passage is worked out with exemplary patience.

No. 209. 'The Draught-players,' J. CLARK.

*"To teach his grandson draughts then
His leisure he'd employ,
Until, at last, the old man
Was beaten by the boy."*

Such is the situation. A ragged urchin, whose feet do not reach the floor, as he sits on his rickety chair, is chuckling over the draught-board whereon he beats his grandsire. The heads and extremities of the figures are less careful than in other works by the same hand; but there is a perfect knowledge of the means of producing good effects: all the figures—(for besides the two mentioned there are others)—are well brought out.

No. 210. 'Charles Dickens in his Study,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Mr. Dickens, when sitting for this portrait, has mistaken the sentiment wherewith he should have invested the author of "Pickwick" and the "Old Curiosity Shop," who must in his nature overflow with the milk of human kindness. He wears a velvetten wrapper, and appears to have put his left hand hastily, and significantly, into his pocket, as turning round with an expression of countenance somewhat severe, he seems to negative

some application we are quite sure he would have answered in the affirmative. The action is certainly ungraceful, if not unbecoming; it is, to say the least, "a mistake" so to picture such a man,—an error on the part of the author as well as on that of the artist. The portrait, therefore, although admirably painted, is one we do not desire to see multiplied, the more especially as the accessories are by no means in good taste.

No. 211. 'Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A. The impersonations at once speak for themselves, but most especially the weeping and pleading daughter of Douce Davie Deans. The interview takes place in one of the shaded alleys at Kensington. Thin as the work is, there is an elegance of conception up to the tone of some of Mr. Leslie's best works.

No. 218. 'The Emigrant's Last Sight of Home,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. In comparing the landscape portion of this picture with the figures, it appears that Mr. Redgrave throws himself into the former with a fervency of devotion rarely witnessed. We press the hand of the honest emigrant, and pray God speed him on his voyage to his new home. In looking forward, the eye rests on a hill-side, at the bottom of which winds the high road, here and there flanked by houses, and rising in the distance. The severe truth that prevails throughout the description of this material—simple in character, but very trying as an Art-theme—cannot be too highly eulogised.

No. 219. 'The New Boy,' G. SMITH. This is, it need not be told, a school incident. The boy is taken to school, by his mother, who is a widow; and while she is paying the entrance fee to the pedagogue in his sanctum, his ill-mannered disciples place the dunce's cap on the head of the "New Boy," who is pale with affright at the reception he meets with. The picture is full of light, and all the faces are, in their tenderest gradations, worked out in a manner most flattering to the eye.

No. 221. 'Glenariff, Ireland,' G. SHALDERS. A small landscape: romantic in aspect and combinations. Painted with a sentiment that would have justified a much larger picture.

No. 222. 'Milton dictating "Samson Agonistes,"' J. C. HORSLEY, A. Milton composed the poem of "Samson Agonistes" late in life, incited to the subject by his own affliction, which he thus indirectly laments:—

*"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!" &c.*

Milton, at this time, lived in the neighbourhood of Bunhill Fields, Cripplegate. He is here seated in profile, at his organ, and standing on the other side of him is his wife, and behind him, with the Bible on his knee, is his young friend, Thomas Elwood, the Quaker. Into the little room, from the window of which is seen Cripplegate Church (Milton's last resting-place), the sun is shining, and the lighting and shading of the figures are beyond all praise. In the features of Milton there are depth and poetry—with a little more of refinement, the face would have been yet nearer Milton. Elwood is an admirable conception. The only inharmonious chord in the whole is Elizabeth Minshull, Milton's wife; she looks vulgar and shrewish. It is a large picture, and well worthy of being so; far transcending everything that Mr. Horsley has hitherto done, and not likely to be often equalled.

No. 228. 'Crossing the Stream,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. This is a section of the gentle river Wharfe, near Bolton Abbey, and very happy is the description of the different trees by which the stream is shaded. It is a cheerful picture, lighted up with a sprinkling of sunbeams, which assist effectually that most difficult achievement in tree painting, the defini-

tion and placing of the masses of foliage. It is one of the most satisfactory of the artist's works.

No. 229. 'Consolation,' T. BROOKS. The relations here are of a painful cast, the consolation being offered by a clergyman to a maiden evidently in a dying state. The figures are well drawn and firmly painted.

No. 230. 'Happy!' C. S. LIDDERDALE. Happy indeed to be upon the floor, and be tickled with a feather! Such is the condition of a laughing, crowing infant, an elder sister being the operator, and the mother hanging in self-congratulation over her pride. Really an excellent picture of its class; but the yellow paper above the mantelpiece should be toned down—the combinations would thereby gain force.

No. 232. 'Mother and Child,' R. TAIT. These life-sized figures appear to be portraits: there are passages of very conscientious study in the work, especially the limbs of the child.

No. 236. 'The Earl of Derby,' F. GRANT, R.A. A full-length portrait of the size of life, somewhat severe in expression, yet remarkable as a resemblance, and admirably painted.

No. 237. 'A Maltese Xebec on the Rocks of Pufila Mazzodi, Procida—a Steam-Tug and Neapolitan Boats rendering Assistance: the Island and Castle of Ischia in the Distance,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The movement is on the right; the helpless xebec is on her beam ends, heeled towards the shore, fixed in the rocks, with foremast and main and mizen-topmasts gone, and it can scarcely be understood how the tug is to help her. Ischia lies across the strait, rising in the left centre of the picture. Like all Mr. Stanfield's works, it is characterised by breadth and firmness.

No. 240. 'Patchwork,' D. H. FRISTON. The patchwork is in progress between a little boy and his grandmother: the child's head is earnestly painted; but it is too large, and his hands are too small.

No. 243. '"Ici on rase," Brittany,' A. SOLOMON. We are introduced here to a hilarious company *chez une barbière*, for it is a lady who operates, even to the extent of *embellir la jeunesse et rajeunir la vieillesse*. A sturdy Breton is in her hands, but he is afraid of being cut, for she is listening to the lively gossip of her friends, instead of wielding her razor with becoming steadiness. The descriptions are full of characteristic points; the air and expression of the people are strikingly national.

No. 245. 'Miss Macnee,' D. MACNEE. This is a portrait of the size of life; the young lady is seated at needlework: the face in half light, with a touch of high light on the right cheek, which renders the study very interesting as a picture.

No. 248. 'Breadalbane Cattle,' J. W. BORTOMLEY. A group of long-horned black cattle standing in water; the animals are qualified with valuable points for painting.

No. 250. * * * * J. C. HOOK, A.

*"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."*

The subject is, of course, a brook shaded by trees, and over which, on the right, passes a wooden bridge, painted with the happiest reality. It has been worked out with the most earnest labour from a given locality.

No. 251. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. There is an abandon in this combination which is very agreeable; various fruits are piled up in a basket, that is again surrounded by the most luscious gifts of Pomona. Nothing in this department of art can excel these luscious imitations.

No. 253. 'A Bright Spring Day,' C. P. KNIGHT. A small picture, of great merit in

its representation of the near trees, the textures of their boles and branches, and the ground herbage with its weeds and primroses.

No. 254. 'Friendship Endangered,' F. STONE, A. In this picture are two girls, one of whom holds a letter, and the other the envelope. The expression of the features of both is that of angry excitement. It would appear that there has been a disagreement about the letter, but the story goes no farther. There is much careful work in the picture, but the faces are not executed with that studious clearness of tint which we have been accustomed to see in the female heads of the artist.

No. 261. 'W. H. Carpenter, Esq., F.S.A.,' MRS. CARPENTER. A head and bust; bright, animated, and like the subject: a picture that, with others by the same hand, will go farther than a volume of argument to compel the Royal Academy to acknowledge "the rights of women," which they have been always disposed to ignore.

No. 262. 'Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A. In all that appertains to effect, colour, and the fulness of the composition, this picture resembles those that have preceded it, but in manipulation it is manifestly different, being, in comparison with other Venetian subjects by Mr. Cooke, but as a sketch. The view has the Dogana on the right, looking out of the port; the sky is clouded, and the aspect is generally low in tone. The right and left are crowded with craft laden with wood and provisions.

No. 263. 'Richelieu and Anne of Austria,' W. M. EOLEY. As a proof of the sincerity of his passion for her, Anne of Austria exacted of Richelieu that he should dance a saraband in her presence as a Spanish jester. In this character, therefore, we see him in grave performance of the dance, to the music of one violin. He wears a green velvet doublet and small clothes, with a brown Vandyked camaille, at each point of which is a bell. Behind a screen is concealed a party of spectators, who betray themselves by laughter at the contortions of the cardinal. All the garniture of the room, and especially of the adjoining cabinet, is admirably painted.

No. 267. 'A Breezy Day on a Rocky Coast,' J. W. OAKES. The subject is a section of coast scenery, with the sea, at high-water, breaking heavily over the rocks. The forms of the boiling surf have been earnestly studied, but there is an infirmity of touch which declares the artist not a master of this class of subject. The point is enfeebled by two great a breadth of white surf.

No. 268. 'Gamekeeper's Daughter,' H. H. EMMERSON. The time here is twilight, and the scene is strikingly romantic, with a female figure carrying game at her back. She looks like nothing so domestic as a gamekeeper's daughter.

No. 269. A. M. MADOT.

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; and, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, he falls to such perusal of my face, as he would draw it."

The subject is Ophelia's description to Polonius of the surprise she suffered from Hamlet. She is represented in the garden; but the incident occurred when she was sewing in her closet. She is seated on the grass, and Hamlet seizes her hand from behind; but his attitude and the relation of the two figures is not intelligible; the form, too, of his draping is objectionable. Ophelia is in some degree successful, yet the subject in its best interpretation can never be a grateful one.

No. 270. 'My Cottage near the Brook,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The avenues which this artist exhibits from time to time are among the best of his works. This is a subject of that class, and the perspective illusion is perfect. There is in the trees more of natural form and colour—more freshness, and direct

reference to reality, than have lately been seen in Mr. Lee's works.

No. 271. 'The Farewell Sermon,' A. RANKLEY. It may be inferred that the two figures presented in this work are a clergyman and his wife, the former in the act of composing his "farewell sermon." They are seated in a small room, which is lighted by a shaded lamp, while without, the moonlight renders every object distinct. The shade into which the figures are thrown is managed with masterly skill, as are also the moonlight and the lamp-light, as they break on the faces and other objects. So far all is good, but there is nothing on the canvas allusive to a "farewell" sermon.

No. 272. 'Mrs. Colvin, of Pishobury Park, Harlow, Herts, and her Children,' T. M. JOY. A life-sized family group; the children are very happily characterised, and the work appertains to the most meritorious of its class.

No. 281. 'La Nanna,' F. LEIGHTON. A half-length study of the same dark lady that appears in others of the artist's works. It is a simple figure, without movement or pointed expression; but it is extremely interesting in character, and costumed with graceful taste.

No. 282. 'Mrs. Fordyce Buchan,' R. THORBURN, A. A small portrait of a lady seated; she is plainly attired in a white muslin dress. It is painted with more resolute execution than is observable in any of Mr. Thorburn's previous works.

No. 284. 'Shade,' H. JUTSUM. The freshness of early summer is charmingly felt in this little picture, with its meagre footing of grassy declivity, shaded by hill-side trees, and the peep of distant woods.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 285. 'Companions,' F. W. KEYL. These companions are a leash of bloodhounds, perfect in the characteristics of the animal; but why are two of the heads presented at precisely the same angle?

No. 291. 'Portrait of a Lady,' S. PEARCE. The presence and movement are very graceful, and the drapery textures are entirely successful. The face might have been coloured with more delicacy.

No. 292. 'Henry Mathews, Esq., late Mayor of Bradninch, Devon,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. The features are full of animation; they at once address the spectator. Mr. Knight has never painted a more life-like head.

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No. 347. 'The Earl of Seafeld, Laird of Grant, and his son, Viscount Reidhaven,' F. GRANT, R.A. Both figures are full-lengths, standing: the heads are remarkably successful.

No. 348. 'Dalila asking Forgiveness of Samson,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Samson. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage.

Samson is in the act of uttering his refusal; his back is turned to us, and the contraction of the muscles declares the shrinking repugnance with which he hears Dalila's request, more distinctly and forcibly than could any expression of the features. The body is in nowise attitudinised; the determination of the refusal is declared by the muscles of the back. Dalila kneels trembling before Samson, and her attendants in equal degree share the feeling of their mistress. The soundness of the work, and its honesty of principle, recall to mind certain of the eminent masters of the Venetian school; but their conventionalities of costume are discarded for forms which might have been acknowledged even in the days of the Philistines.

No. 350. 'Sunny Hours,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The works exhibited under this name always display great knowledge and taste in dealing with the costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The scene is the "pleasure," either at Haddon or Hampton Court, with a fair sprinkling of *beau monde*.

No. 353. 'Ave Maria,' E. W. RUSSELL. A study of a girl at vespers, painted with firmness, and very appropriately circumstanced.

No. 356. 'A Sunny Afternoon in Autumn,' T. S. COOPER, A. There is an unfortunate sameness in all cattle pictures, for there is but little story in the correlations of kine; with Morland it was *toujours cochon*, with others it is *toujours mouton*. In this large picture groups

of tall trees rise against the sky from a hummock in the immediate foreground, past which flows a river, wherein, according to an old predilection, some of the cows are bathing their feet, while others of the herd and numerous sheep are distributed over the site.

No. 359. 'The Truants,' W. UNDERHILL. There is something original, light, and spirited in this picture; but the forms are too much cut up by lines which really have no office in the composition. The truants are three boys, who are on the trunk of a tree that stretches "askant" a brook. The picture is hung too high for inspection.

No. 363. 'Mrs. Laurence R. Baily,' J. ROBERTSON. The lady, a half-length in a grey dress, is placed between two almost equal quantities of foliage, making the figure look thin and shadowy, as well as outraging the first canons of composition.

No. 368. 'The Evening Song,' A. RANKLEY. The striking feature here is the upper sky—the rosy clouds lying in parallel lines. It is a beautiful natural phase; but it does not make itself felt here as it would in a composition of appropriate sentiment. The evening song is sung by a company of children on a near site of green sward.

No. 369. 'Luff, Boy!' J. C. HOOK, A. This idea is original; it is carried out with spirit, presenting as a base of operations part of a fishing-boat only—the stern-sheets—where are seated three figures, a middle-aged and weather-beaten fisherman, a youth, perhaps his son, and a child, a little boy, who does his best with both hands to obey the sharp command by laying his rudder hard-a-weather to bring the boat up in the wind; but why this is done we are left to conjecture. The colour is brilliant, but we have never seen the sea so green as it is here.

No. 371. 'Miss Elliot,' T. Y. GOODERSON. An elegant and simple portrait, presenting the lady at full-length in a plain walking dress. No. 375. 'Miss Emily Long,' is another full-length figure of like good quality.

No. 378. 'Brighton and Back, 3s. 6d.,' C. ROSSITER. The title is illustrated by a section of an open railway carriage, into which a smart shower of rain is blown on the windward side. The company show some variety of character, which is rendered definite by a remarkable firmness of touch.

No. 379. 'The Welcome Home,' G. E. HICKS. A rustic interior, with an expectant wife waiting the return of her husband, who is about to enter. The colouring throughout the picture is bright and harmonious—certainly too pretty to be probable: setting aside, however, what we know to be the colours of most rustic dwellings, it is an agreeable picture.

No. 380. 'The Monk Felix,' C. GOLDIE. This conception is an inspiration from Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

"And lo! he heard
The singing of a bird
Among the branches brown."

"And long, long
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred."

A figure picture without a face is usually considered an impossibility; yet this is one. The monk Felix, in his white frieze, turns his back upon us, and is in form less interesting than the most maudlin of human-kind. Saving the colour, which is too metallic, the foliage and tree are unexceptionable; but Felix is the least happy feature of the picture.

No. 382. 'Ophelia,' A. ENCOLE. Ophelia at full-length, and of the size of life! and truly a work of many beauties, savouring of the best manner of the French school. It is not desirable to see Ophelia painted an ethereal beauty, nor is it fitting that she should be reproduced a hideous "Pre-Raphaelite" crudity. She con-

its representation of the near trees, the textures of their boles and branches, and the ground herbage with its weeds and primroses.

No. 254. 'Friendship Endangered,' F. STONE, A. In this picture are two girls, one of whom holds a letter, and the other the envelope. The expression of the features of both is that of angry excitement. It would appear that there has been a disagreement about the letter, but the story goes no farther. There is much careful work in the picture, but the faces are not executed with that studious clearness of tint which we have been accustomed to see in the female heads of the artist.

No. 261. 'W. H. Carpenter, Esq., F.S.A.,' Mrs. CARPENTER. A head and bust; bright, animated, and like the subject: a picture that, with others by the same hand, will go farther than a volume of argument to compel the Royal Academy to acknowledge "the rights of women," which they have been always disposed to ignore.

No. 262. 'Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A. In all that appertains to effect, colour, and the fulness of the composition, this picture resembles those that have preceded it, but in manipulation it is manifestly different, being, in comparison with other Venetian subjects by Mr. Cooke, but as a sketch. The view has the Dogana on the right, looking out of the port; the sky is clouded, and the aspect is generally low in tone. The right and left are crowded with craft laden with wood and provisions.

No. 263. 'Richelieu and Anne of Austria,' W. M. EOLEY. As a proof of the sincerity of his passion for her, Anne of Austria exacted of Richelieu that he should dance a saraband in her presence as a Spanish jester. In this character, therefore, we see him in grave performance of the dance, to the music of one violin. He wears a green velvet doublet and small clothes, with a brown Vandyked camaille, at each point of which is a bell. Behind a screen is concealed a party of spectators, who betray themselves by laughter at the contortions of the cardinal. All the garniture of the room, and especially of the adjoining cabinet, is admirably painted.

No. 267. 'A Breezy Day on a Rocky Coast,' J. W. OAKES. The subject is a section of coast scenery, with the sea, at high-water, breaking heavily over the rocks. The forms of the boiling surf have been earnestly studied, but there is an infirmity of touch which declares the artist not a master of this class of subject. The point is enfeebled by two great a breadth of white surf.

No. 268. 'Gamekeeper's Daughter,' H. H. EMMERSON. The time here is twilight, and the scene is strikingly romantic, with a female figure carrying game at her back. She looks like nothing so domestic as a gamekeeper's daughter.

No. 269. * * * * A. M. MADOT.

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; and, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, he falls to such perusal of my face, as he would draw it."

The subject is Ophelia's description to Polonius of the surprise she suffered from Hamlet. She is represented in the garden; but the incident occurred when she was sewing in her closet. She is seated on the grass, and Hamlet seizes her hand from behind; but his attitude and the relation of the two figures is not intelligible; the form, too, of his draping is objectionable. Ophelia is in some degree successful, yet the subject in its best interpretation can never be a grateful one.

No. 270. 'My Cottage near the Brook,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The avenues which this artist exhibits from time to time are among the best of his works. This is a subject of that class, and the perspective illusion is perfect. There is in the trees more of natural form and colour—more freshness, and direct

reference to reality, than have lately been seen in Mr. Lee's works.

No. 271. 'The Farewell Sermon,' A. RANKLEY. It may be inferred that the two figures presented in this work are a clergyman and his wife, the former in the act of composing his "farewell sermon." They are seated in a small room, which is lighted by a shaded lamp, while without, the moonlight renders every object distinct. The shade into which the figures are thrown is managed with masterly skill, as are also the moonlight and the lamp-light, as they break on the faces and other objects. So far all is good, but there is nothing on the canvas allusive to a "farewell" sermon.

No. 272. 'Mrs. Colvin, of Pishobery Park, Harlow, Herts, and her Children,' T. M. JOY. A life-sized family group; the children are very happily characterised, and the work appertains to the most meritorious of its class.

No. 281. 'La Nanna,' F. LEIGHTON. A half-length study of the same dark lady that appears in others of the artist's works. It is a simple figure, without movement or pointed expression; but it is extremely interesting in character, and costumed with graceful taste.

No. 282. 'Mrs. Fordyce Buchan,' R. THORBURN, A. A small portrait of a lady seated; she is plainly attired in a white muslin dress. It is painted with more resolute execution than is observable in any of Mr. Thorburn's previous works.

No. 284. 'Shade,' H. JUTSUM. The freshness of early summer is charmingly felt in this little picture, with its meagre footing of grassy declivity, shaded by hill-side trees, and the peep of distant woods.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 285. 'Companions,' F. W. KEYL. These companions are a leash of bloodhounds, perfect in the characteristics of the animal; but why are two of the heads presented at precisely the same angle?

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No. 335. 'On Shore,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. The line of coast trends from the left transversely inwards, and is followed by the lines of the waves, which fall heavily on the shingle. It is blowing freshly from the sea, and a figure on horseback points to a distant vessel, which seems to be on the rocks. We have not before seen a study of waves by this artist; the forms are wanting in that subtle variety which occurs in nature, and which earnest devotion to this phase of nature alone can give.

No. 337. 'The Lord Seymour,' J. R. SWINTON. In this portrait the flesh colour is extremely ungrateful to the eye: it is devoid of freshness, and the features are deficient in animation.

No. 347. 'The Earl of Seafeld, Laird of Grant, and his son, Viscount Reidhaven,' F. GRANT, R.A. Both figures are full-lengths, standing: the heads are remarkably successful.

No. 348. 'Dalila asking Forgiveness of Samson,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

*Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Samson. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage.*

Samson is in the act of uttering his refusal; his back is turned to us, and the contraction of the muscles declares the shrinking repugnance with which he hears Dalila's request, more distinctly and forcibly than could any expression of the features. The body is in nowise attitudinised; the determination of the refusal is declared by the muscles of the back. Dalila kneels trembling before Samson, and her attendants in equal degree share the feeling of their mistress. The soundness of the work, and its honesty of principle, recall to mind certain of the eminent masters of the Venetian school; but their conventionalities of costume are discarded for forms which might have been acknowledged even in the days of the Philistines.

No. 350. 'Sunny Hours,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The works exhibited under this name always display great knowledge and taste in dealing with the costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The scene is the "pleasance," either at Haddon or Hampton Court, with a fair sprinkling of *beau monde*.

No. 353. 'Ave Maria,' E. W. RUSSELL. A study of a girl at vespers, painted with firmness, and very appropriately circumstanced.

No. 356. 'A Sunny Afternoon in Autumn,' T. S. COOPER, A. There is an unfortunate sameness in all cattle pictures, for there is but little story in the correlations of kine; with Morland it was *toujours cochon*, with others it is *toujours mouton*. In this large picture groups

of tall trees rise against the sky from a hummock in the immediate foreground, past which flows a river, wherein, according to an old predilection, some of the cows are bathing their feet, while others of the herd and numerous sheep are distributed over the site.

No. 359. 'The Truants,' W. UNDERHILL. There is something original, light, and spirited in this picture; but the forms are too much cut up by lines which really have no office in the composition. The truants are three boys, who are on the trunk of a tree that stretches "askant" a brook. The picture is hung too high for inspection.

No. 363. 'Mrs. Laurence R. Baily,' J. ROBERTSON. The lady, a half-length in a grey dress, is placed between two almost equal quantities of foliage, making the figure look thin and shadowy, as well as outraging the first canons of composition.

No. 368. 'The Evening Song,' A. RANKLEY. The striking feature here is the upper sky—the rosy clouds lying in parallel lines. It is a beautiful natural phase; but it does not make itself felt here as it would in a composition of appropriate sentiment. The evening song is sung by a company of children on a near site of green sward.

No. 369. 'Luff, Boy!' J. C. HOOK, A. This idea is original; it is carried out with spirit, presenting as a base of operations part of a fishing-boat only—the stern-sheets—where are seated three figures, a middle-aged and weather-beaten fisherman, a youth, perhaps his son, and a child, a little boy, who does his best with both hands to obey the sharp command by laying his rudder hard-a-weather to bring the boat up in the wind; but why this is done we are left to conjecture. The colour is brilliant, but we have never seen the sea so green as it is here.

No. 371. 'Miss Elliot,' T. Y. GOODERSON. An elegant and simple portrait, presenting the lady at full-length in a plain walking dress. No. 375. 'Miss Emily Long,' is another full-length figure of like good quality.

No. 378. 'Brighton and Back, 3s. 6d.,' C. ROSSITER. The title is illustrated by a section of an open railway carriage, into which a smart shower of rain is blown on the windward side. The company show some variety of character, which is rendered definite by a remarkable firmness of touch.

No. 379. 'The Welcome Home,' G. E. HICKS. A rustic interior, with an expectant wife waiting the return of her husband, who is about to enter. The colouring throughout the picture is bright and harmonious—certainly too pretty to be probable: setting aside, however, what we know to be the colours of most rustic dwellings, it is an agreeable picture.

No. 380. 'The Monk Felix,' C. GOLDIE. This conception is an inspiration from Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

*"And lo! he heard
The singing of a bird
Among the branches brown."*

*"And long, long
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred."*

A figure picture without a face is usually considered an impossibility; yet this is one. The monk Felix, in his white frieze, turns his back upon us, and is in form less interesting than the most maudlin of human-kind. Saving the colour, which is too metallic, the foliage and tree are unexceptionable; but Felix is the least happy feature of the picture.

No. 382. 'Ophelia,' A. ERCOLE. Ophelia at full-length, and of the size of life! and truly a work of many beauties, savouring of the best manner of the French school. It is not desirable to see Ophelia painted an ethereal beauty, nor is it fitting that she should be reproduced a hideous "Pre-Raffaellite" crudity. She con-

fronts you here not an angel, but a well-grown woman, of delicate and nervous temperament. With an earnest stare she says, "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies—that's for thoughts;" and this with an air sufficiently distrustful, for rampant vulgarity is not an attribute of the character. It were only to be desired that the features were somewhat more decidedly marked, to separate them from the draperies, and bring them back to humanity. The face is in half tint, very delicately painted, and the high lights are dropped on from behind. The white drapery is an admirable study; the entire figure being brought forward by a dark wooded background.

No. 386. 'The Young Brother,' F. UNDERHILL. The playful lightness of this work is extremely independent; but the diagonal succession of the heads is not good composition.

No. 388. 'A Dutch Peon, running for the Port of Harlingen, is driven in a Heavy Squall Outside the South Pier Head,' E. W. COOKE, A. It cannot well be understood how she is to escape running foul of that same pier-head. A miserable kedge, with a whipcord of a hawser, is thrown out, and the helm is jammed hard up, but she must go against the jetty. The craft and all her gear are very conscientiously made out. There is no artist who so completely conveys to canvas the reality of such a scene; his pictures are always true, and always evidence of intense thought and intellectual power.

No. 389. 'At Saarburg, on the Saar,' G. C. STANFIELD. The object to which the eye is directed is a clumsy old boat, hauled up from the river for two purposes—to be repaired, and to be painted,—that is, in a picture: this, with the accompaniment of water, houses, and distant cliffs, forms a subject of tempting originality.

No. 390. 'Barley Harvest,' H. C. WHAITE. When the mind is bent on one quality alone in Art, it is generally realised by the sacrifice of many others. Microscopic execution has been the desideratum in this picture, and it is carried out with a singleness of purpose which constitutes it the unique quality of the work. The field is bounded by a rising ground covered with wood, the treatment of which is one of the errors induced by the passion for excessive finish.

No. 391. 'Interior—Boys at Play,' W. W. NICOL. The simplicity and tone of the background are extremely judicious—they would serve for any domestic arrangement of characters. The boys are really children—a success which does not attend every attempt at painting boyhood.

No. 392. 'A Cottage Interior,' A. PROVIS. Not, perhaps, so effective as we have seen the studies of this series, though studiously attractive in colour—which, by the way, is a pleasant fiction.

No. 393. 'Home Thoughts,' E. M. WARD, R.A. The title is unnecessary: it is a lady who, having received a letter from home, is transported in thought back to that home in England,—for she is in India. The deeply-thinking face is full of suggestion; it is rich in beauty, and full of character. The work is charmingly painted—a portrait and a picture.

No. 394. 'Le Chapeau Noir,' T. M. JOY. If a French title be at all necessary, the proprieties of the case require it to be *Le Chapeau Andalusiens*, for such is the head-gear worn by the young lady on the canvas. It is a portrait with much pictorial quality.

No. 400. 'Home again—1858,' H. O'NEIL. This picture is proposed as a companion to that of last year, but it is not so vigorous a work. Moreover, 'Eastward Ho!' was an extremely felicitous idea, carried out with a substantive earnestness which had never before been

evinced by the artist. The figures here are numerous and characteristic, and the office, condition, and relations of each is at once declared. In order to amplify the narrative, and enrich it with allusion, the ladder whereby the disembarkation takes place is much too crowded. There are no boats in readiness to receive the descending throng—the wounded sergeant who is being lowered down will occupy all the disposable space. It is undoubtedly a work of merit; but it is altogether so much like 'Eastward Ho!' that the novelty of the idea is worn off. The subject has not been felt; the principal figure, the burly sergeant we have referred to, is, at all events, convalescent: he looks, indeed, more like one who is suffering from gout, the result of ease and rich living, than an invalid wounded, as well as sick, who is destined for Chelsea.

No. 404. 'Old Mill, North Wales,' W. D. KENNEDY. There is much sweetness and harmony of colour in this simple subject; but it is coloured according to an exploded regime. It is the picture which, in reference to this quality, Sir George Beaumont, had he the power of glancing round these walls, would at once point to as an exemplar after his heart.

405. 'Augustus L. Egg, Esq., A.R.A.,' J. PHILLIP, A. When painters paint for themselves and each other, they declare their tastes and feeling less equivocally than when painting for patrons. The subject is seated, and holds on his knee a terrier. It is a small picture, painted with wonderful force. Perhaps it would not be too much to say it is the best portrait in the collection. Moreover, the likeness is unexceptionable.

No. 413. 'A Lake Scene—Going to the Fair,' F. DANBY, A. The aspirations here are less poetic than those of the productions generally of Mr. Danby. Since his 'Fisherman's Home,' years ago, we do not remember anything of a character so simple as 'Going to the Fair.' The shore of a lake meets the base line of the picture, and the shore which closes it in the right distance is a wooded high-land, with a castellated edifice. A ferry-boat is about departing with a variety of passengers, as market people, cows, and a man on horse-back; but the sentiment of the composition is its description of early morning, that is shown in the awakening sky and the colours which greet the eye from the high places of the earth.

No. 416. 'The Eve of Monmouth's Rebellion,' W. J. GRANT. The title would suggest a large historical composition, but it contains only two figures—that of Monmouth, seated on the trunk of a felled tree, and Lady Wentworth, who urges him on to his fatal enterprise, while she significantly places on his head a crown of flowers. The duke is haunted by dire forebodings,—his eyes are downcast; even the lady's dramatic air and inspiring assurances do not rouse him. The subject is well chosen, and in its execution there are some creditable passages; but the artist shows himself simply a face painter,—and, by the way, both heads are too large. The work in the accessories does not equal that in the heads.

No. 418. 'The Old Porter's Daughter—Door at Haddon Hall,' A. PENLEY. The doorway has little attractive quality about it, but the stone textures are rendered with striking veracity.

No. 420. 'Interior of the Church of St. Mark, Venice,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. A section of the interior, very rich in subdued colour. According to Mr. Roberts' feeling, it is painted in a breadth of middle tone, with numerous cutting points, light and dark, as figures. In the picture a greater altitude is given to the roof than it has in reality.

No. 426. 'A Kind Star,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is the most enigmatical of all the

works of the artist. It contains two forms—that of a hind, apparently wounded, and lying on the bank of a lake; the other is the "kind star," that has descended from her place in the spheres for the especial consolation of the afflicted or dying hind.

No. 427. 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' H. S. MARKS.

Dogberry. "You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name," &c.

This mustering of the watch has a large share of the spirit of the text. The watch-house is full of movement, and on all sides there is serious preparation for duty. Dogberry, on the left, delivers his instructions; and a most grotesque figure is he who stands forward with the question, "How, if he will not stand?" The costume and equipments of the good citizens show that some inquiry has been instituted anent the *petit-coats*, the *pylches*, the hoods and hose of the beginning of the fifteenth century, with varieties of those pikes, halberds, and partisans, which, from the days of Hastings to a very recent date, have figured in our battles and our pageants. The composition is full of appropriate character.

No. 429. * * * * W. C. T. DOBSON.

"Also he (David) bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow."

Beyond the letter of this passage from the first chapter of the second of Samuel, the spirit of the piece is not carried. A boy is in the act of shooting, while by his side stands an instructor, with a few other supplementary figures. It is not a subject in which can be set forth those graces of expression that the artist has in other works shown; but in the costume the conventionalities of the old masters are dismissed, and the dicta of unquestionable truth are recognised.

No. 430. 'The Hon. Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart.,' J. J. NAPIER. A life-sized figure, seated, with a head and features full of vigorous intelligence.

No. 437. 'Contentment,' W. DYCE, R.A. A subject in humble life,—the only one we remember to have seen by this artist. The title is illustrated by an aged ferryman, who is seated not far from the door of his cottage, past which flows a river, bordered by scenery something like that of the Clyde. The old man, with his face shaded by his nor'-wester, looks straight out of the picture—an admirable figure, painted with great skill, and most effectively brought forward from the airy distance. The hard and stony ground is a most successful illusion. The surfaces are excellent; but it must be said withal that the picture is too grey in the foreground and too blue in the distance.

No. 440. 'The First Voyage,' F. STONE, A. The scene is laid on the French coast, and the persons are principally the father, mother, and aunts of a young French fisherman of some eight years old, who is about to embark on the enterprise mentioned as the title of the picture, of which the spirit, in its impersonations, is as national as can be wished.

No. 443. 'On the Lighthouse Hills, at Cromer,' A. J. STARK. Simply a piece of grassy foreground, with a distant view of the sea. A flock of sheep are grazing on the spot, each individual of which casts its long shadow on the grass, whence we are pithily instructed that the time is evening.

No. 444. 'A Nonsuit,' J. H. S. MANN. In the various panorama set before the astonished senses of Don Cleofas Leandro Zambullo, *et cetera*, by his friend Asmodeus, in Lessage's pungent satires, is a picture presenting an aged lover pressing his suit to a lady by detailing to her his youthful conquests. The scene is here transferred to the canvas, where we, as well as Don Cleofas, can see the lady's repugnance to

her lover. The work is small, but the point of the story is so well sustained that it would paint effectively as a large picture.

No. 446. 'The Elder Sister,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The younger is all but an infant, and the elder is offering her fruit. If the relations between the two were not given, it might be supposed they were mother and child; but in either case the incident is equally interesting.

No. 455. 'Under the Old Bridge,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. A version, probably, of the old bridge near Bettws, with its summer coat of forest green: an interesting subject, with the now shrunken current rushing through the arch into the pool below. The watercourse is described with the usual power wherewith the artist treats material of this kind.

No. 456. 'Silent Pleading,' M. STONE. Entire indices of artists do we know, that is, of those who can paint, but "M. Stone" as yet we know not. Here is, however, a picture that at once raises his name to distinction. It sets before us a poor and ragged wayfarer, who, worn and weary with fatigue, has seated himself in a wood-shed and fallen asleep, exposed to the rigours of a bitter winter day. He is discovered by a policeman, who is about to handcuff him, but a more merciful passenger suggests forbearance. The drawing, painting, and circumstantial narrative, cannot be too highly eulogised. It possesses eminently two qualities which always give value to works of Art—these are, earnestness and simplicity.

No. 457. 'Castilian Almsgiving,' J. B. BURGESS. The recipient is a blind man, who has taken his stand within a church door, to move the charity of the faithful. Two figures are passing in—perhaps mother and child—and the latter, a girl, gives the blind man a piece of money. The beggar, the prominent figure, is a felicitous study, carefully drawn, well painted, and strictly national.

No. 458. 'Evening on the Nile—Philæ,' F. DILLON. The island, with its mysterious temples, occupies the left centre of the composition, at some distance from the nearest section, the right being closed by feathery palms and portions of the immediate bank of the river. The temples, being removed from the eye, are not seen in ruins, and thus, by the suggestion of their entirety, the mind is borne back to the days of the Pharaohs, and all the mysteries of ancient Egyptian history.

No. 459. 'Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The castle crowns a wooded amphitheatre facing the sea, and higher again than that rise the more distant peaks of Arran, in this case spotted white with the snow not yet melted out of the clefts of the peak. The sea opens to the right, and on the immediate left is a shroud of pasture, with cattle, and their herds. The whole looks like a piece of veracious local portraiture.

No. 460. 'A Mother and Child,' R. THORBURN, A. This is an agroupment of the Madonna class. The mother is seated in an open landscape, clasping the infant in her arms. Both are probably portraits. The group has been painted with a degree of freedom seldom seen in the works of this artist.

No. 466. 'Brunetta,' R. TAIT. A portrait—that of a young lady, presented as leaning against a console, the glass of which reflects her features in profile—a second portrait. The draperies are painted with perfect truth, and are brilliant in colour.

No. 468. 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening,' P. H. CALDERON. The workman in this instance is an aged letter-carver, who is seated on the pavement of one of the side aisles of a church, carving an inscription on a slab in the floor. It is an accessible and telling subject, treated with much skill and power.

WEST ROOM.

No. 474. 'Scarborough, from the North Bank Top—Morning,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. This is a full and effective picture. It appears also to be worked up to an extremely careful finish; and if such qualities do not entitle works to be placed so that they can be seen, the conclusion is, that after certain pictures are placed, merit has but little claim to consideration.

No. 478. 'Review on the Champ de Mars, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Visit to Paris,' G. H. THOMAS. There is always a certain amount of formality in a review, which it is extremely difficult to dispose of. There are long lines of Zouaves in the immediate front; while on the right a battalion of grenadiers is just disappearing, and on the left masses of cavalry are marching up to the wheeling point. The Queen and the Empress are seated on a balcony, beneath which is a crowd of officers of all ranks, with Prince Albert and the Emperor in the front.

No. 479. 'Domenico da Pescia urges Savonarola to have recourse to the fiery ordeal for a miraculous confirmation of his doctrines,' W. C. THOMAS. If this work be not a commission, it can scarcely be understood that such a subject, even with a fine quality of Art, can be commonly interesting. The figures—both monks—stand together in a cloister, drawn and painted in a manner very masterly, though in the feeling of a foreign school; but the flesh tints are unnatural,—they are stony and unlife-like.

No. 480. 'The Burgesses of Calais, A.D. 1347,' H. HOLIDAY. Of the six burgesses whom Edward required should "yelde them sefe" purely to his will, we see one here, and he is prepared for the surrender, being barefooted, in his shirt, and having a halter round his neck; and by him prays his wife for his safety. The subject is not a pleasant one, nor is it carried out with the graces wherewith it might be invested.

No. 481. 'Tough and Tender,' E. OSBORN. "Tough" is a seaman, sitting on the rail of a jetty, and "Tender" is the child that he holds carefully in his arms, a third person in the group being the mother. The features of the man are bent down—the drawing, painting, and lights of the face are unexceptionable.

No. 482. 'The Love of James the First of Scotland,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. This "Love" is Lady Jane Beaufort, who is passing flowers into the window of his prison, while in captivity in Windsor Castle. The story of his "love" is narrated by himself, and Jane Beaufort afterwards became his queen. His first sight of her he thus describes—

"—Cast I down mine eyes again,
Whereas I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comer here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest yonghe flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon a start,
The blood all my body to my heart."

James and Mr. Millais do not agree about the lady's beauty, as the description on the canvas by no means accords with the image the king's verse would convey. It is the least objectionable of Mr. Millais's three pictures.

No. 488. 'The Stack Rocks at Sunset, near Stackpole Court, Pembrokeshire,' J. MOGFORD. These rocks are singular in form, and constitute an effective feature in a picture when treated so successfully as in this work.

No. 489. 'Saltimbanques comptant leur recette,' C. SCHLOESSER. This is a French picture, prejudiced by that defect common to the school—a dead, dark, opaque, and heavy background. The subject is suggestive, and much more might have been made of it. A woman, in impersonation too refined for the society in which she appears, turns out the *sons*—the

day's earnings—at which the men look with some curiosity.

No. 490. 'Gretna Green,' J. BARRETT. The story is of the cruel interruption of the marriage by the announcement of the postboy that the pair are pursued. There are five persons present—the unhappy pair, the successor of the famous blacksmith, the postboy, and a female servant—all of whom express alarm at the prospect of the invasion. There are in it passages of creditable work.

No. 491. 'A Statute Fair,' G. B. O'NEILL. The canvas is thronged with well-conceived and well-executed characters, but it is an unfortunate circumstance that so much right good work should be lavished on a composition in which there is no incident beyond the hiring of a servant. The figures, we say, are very numerous, representing every class, rural and burgher, with an infinite and appropriate variety of costume, worked out with the utmost care.

No. 493. 'The Skipper Ashore,' J. C. HOOK, A. The subject consists of the "skipper's" return. In all the luxury of temporary idleness, the ragged sea-boy is lounging on the seats of the stern-boat of a small sloop or cutter, that is anchored in the offing. It is bright in colour: it would seem that this was the only desiderandum of the painter.

No. 494. 'A Thunder Shower,' J. T. LINNELL. The features of the landscape are somewhat like those of the harvest-field of last year, the view being bounded by an upland. The base of the composition is a hay-field, wherein the labourers are hastening their operations, in apprehension of a thunder-storm that is rising over the hill. The sun is not yet obscured, and hence is an opportunity afforded for an effective play of fugitive lights and darks. The imminence of the storm is felt in the confusion of the haymakers and the rapidly-darkening sky.

No. 495. * * * * W. H. O'CONNOR.

"She, from whom no care of mine was hid, turning to me, with aspect glad as fair, bespake me: 'Gratefully direct thy mind to God, through whom to this first star we come.'"

This passage, proposed as a theme, is a translation from the lines of the "Paradiso"—

"Volta ver me si lieta come bella,
Drizza la mente in Dio grata, mi disse," &c.;

and Dante and Beatrice are, of course, the characters introduced; but we find them in a commonplace green landscape with trees—such a plot as might be picked up between Vauxhall and Wandsworth—although Dante just before says—

"Quanto mi vidi ove mirabil cosa,
Mi torse li viso a sè,"—

in reference to having soared with Beatrice far away from earth. And Dante is here old, whereas he himself tells us that he is about thirty-five. We simply make these observations to show that a work painted from a standard source, to be of any value at all, ought to be in the whole spirit of the letter.

No. 499. 'The Bay of Baïæ,' W. LINTON. We look up the bay from the vicinity of the ruins of some of those ancient palaces of which the luxury and licence were condemned by Sallust and Seneca. A light and broad daylight version.

No. 501. 'My Father's Portrait,' G. SCHMITT. An artist appears here at his easel, painting, it may be presumed, the portrait in question. Simply a life-sized head, whereon is thrown a gleam of light, which, in relieving the head from the dark background, communicates to it much pictorial effect.

No. 507. 'The Children in the Wood,' C. LUCY. The "wood," in this interpretation of the story, is painted up to a minuteness of detail that imperils the quality of the children; for although their faces and draperies are most

carefully made out, yet there are natural surfaces that can be worked up, so as to supersede the painting of flesh and draperies. The ground, the trees, the leaves, have been realized with the most exemplary assiduity.

No. 508. 'The Highland Tod-hunter,' R. ANSDALL. The change that is come over the spirit of this artist's labours is by no means so satisfactory as that of his earlier bright and cheerful sporting and pastoral essays. The composition contains numerous figures, among whom stalks the tod-hunter, with the tod (*Anglice*, fox) slung at his back; but he is eclipsed by the grotesque-looking dogs of the party, terriers and foxhounds, loose and in couples, the "least genteel of dogs." The difference to which we allude is the blackness in all the markings and shadows, which, with the dark landscape, renders the work very heavy. Mr. Ansdall has been looking at the Spanish masters; but we do not hesitate to say, that any manner formed on such a basis will be much less popular than the more truthful daylight he has been accustomed to paint.

No. 509. 'Fruit,' Miss E. H. STANNARD. Painted with admirable effect, and in close imitation of the rich maturity of nature.

No. 513. 'The Cup of Cold Water,' E. HUGHES. The figures are correctly drawn, and firmly painted, but in the heads lies the interest of the whole,—that of the mistress of the cottage betokening, in an eminent degree, dignity and gentleness of character, while the lights and shade on the face of the beggar are perfectly transparent, and support the drawing without the slightest tendency to blackness. In the entire catalogue, the instances of integrity of purpose, honest and sound principle, equal to this, are not numerous.

No. 514. 'The Black Rock, from Kemp Town, Brighton—West View,' J. T. WILLMORE, A.E. The sea and sky present here a phase of great natural beauty that is extremely difficult to paint. The view is sea-ward; the sun, descending towards the horizon, is veiled by a cloud, and thus a beautiful play of light and dark appears on the tranquil sea. The atmospheric medium is managed with great felicity.

No. 516. 'The Start—One, two, three, and away!' W. HEMSLEY. A bright, sunny picture, wherein the figures stand well forward, being principally four boys marshalled Epsom-wise for a race, and exhibiting intense eagerness for the "start,"—the master of the course being an old man, who is in the act of giving the signal. The action and expression of the boys are all that can be desired, and the painter is most judicious in his choice of models.

No. 519. 'Dividend Day at the Bank,' G. E. HICKS. It may be asked why this subject has not been taken up before, a question which might be asked of many other profitably convertible ideas, that are too common to attract notice. It is a large canvas, everywhere crowded with holders of stock; in fact, very much like the place on the supposed occasion, only with somewhat more of fashion than is generally seen there. The agroupment at the counter round the old gentleman in the wheel chair is various and interesting, and in all the figures the work is thoroughly conscientious. There is more of serious prose than poetry in the scene, but for its class it is an excellent subject, leaving in the execution nothing to be desired.

No. 523. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Michael Angelo, in his advanced age, in the sculpture galleries feeling the statues—A sketch for a picture, F. M. MILLER. The materials are well put together, and with careful elaboration they may be worked out into an interesting work.

No. 524. * * * * A. HUGHES.

"For how might ever sweetness have been known
To him that never tasted bitterness?"

The application of these lines to the composition is not very clear—or rather, it is difficult to see how the lines can be interpreted as we see them. There are two figures—lovers without question; he is partially hidden by the bole of a massive tree, as about to pluck a flower which hangs over his head, while the lady is also looking up. The costume they wear is modern, and they stand amidst the summer luxuriance of flowers and foliage. The face of the man is so creditably painted that it can scarcely be believed to be by the same hand as the head of the woman, that seems wanting in proper attachment to the body, the features being disqualified by an inane sentimentality. This is a professedly "Pre-Raphaelite" work, with everything in it rushing out of the frame, and introducing as much of the crudity of the manner as can be shown on a limited field.

No. 525. 'Marchilyn-Mawr,' J. W. OAKES. A subject from the Welsh lakes, with no sign of life save a patient and statuesque crane contemplating the water, Narcissus-like, but with a different feeling—the question of the moment being with him a dinner. Level with the eye lies the surface of the lake, bounded on the other side by green hills, to the hospitable sides of which the clouds descend for rest. But this artist is great in the *minutiae* of foregrounds, without any parade of handling. Rocks and stones, with their lichens, the pool through which passes the redundant water of the lake, the sedges, the heath, and the variety of small salad that goes to make up a foreground, are all charmingly made out.

No. 526. 'Danish Shepherd, with Dog and Sheep,' Mrs. E. JERICHAU. A very spirited work—we were about to say, for a lady; but ladies now paint with as much power as the other sex. It is a large composition, with the shepherd, his canine lieutenant, and the woolly charge, all enjoying on the grass the *otium* which the gods vouchsafe them. The sheep are tall and long-limbed; they are also large-headed, Roman-nosed animals, reversing in every way the points of our South Downs.

No. 538. 'Sheep-washing in Glen-Lyon,' R. ANSDALL. In tone this work is much the same as the 'Tod-hunter'; the markings are heavy and opaque, and the landscape reminds us of Palma Vecchio.

No. 539. 'Sandsfoot Castle, Weymouth,' E. W. COOKE, A. The remnant of the castle extends to the brink of the cliff, and the view, as given here, is that from the beach below; but the power of the picture is in the beach, with its rocks, stones, and multitudinous incidents, and, above all, the shallow water, with its "skye" reflections and tiny waves that lap the shore at your feet.

No. 540. 'The German Patriot's Wife in 1848,' J. E. HODGSON. The story is of the bribing of the gaoler to admit the wife to see her imprisoned husband. There is much labour in the work, but the result is not very satisfactory.

No. 543. 'Returning from Torcello,' G. E. HERING. Venice is yet far off, and it will be dark before the two gondolas shall have landed their living freights. The sea is as calm as a lake, the surface being disturbed only by a ripple, catching on its minute ridges the light that is yet powerful in the sky. The idea is extremely simple, but it is brought forward in the spirit of the most refined poetry.

No. 546. 'Evening,' J. LINNELL, Sen. The landscape is a production of infinite excellence, but in calling his picture 'Evening,' Mr. Linnell has intended the allusions in the sky to be the paramount point of the picture. In its forms and tones the composition comes more kindly together than any recent work of the painter, and the twilight on the fields, and the clear sky above, are passages which appeal at once to the feeling. There is in the sky a red

cloud of surpassing magnificence, of which the foreshortening and retirement are a masterpiece of truth. The cloud does not overpower the landscape, but is supported by warm tints in the nearest site, that are also red without being felt as such. The clear air, the purity of the light above, and the firm and transparent depth below, are beyond all praise. A work like this is too fine for merely showing the operation of penning sheep. It may be regretted that the associations are not more elevated in tone. The work is that of a great master in Art.

No. 547. 'Caught again,' E. EAGLES. Those who are caught are a boy and girl—Italians; but it cannot well be seen whether the youth is kissing her, or lighting his pipe at her eyes. The feeling of the colour and manner is strongly French.

No. 557. 'Not Guilty,' companion to 'Waiting for the Verdict,' A. SOLOMON. These two works have found more favour with the public than, we think, any that have gone before them, but this does not so entirely enlist the sympathies of the spectator as did the picture of 1857. The prisoner, a stalwart countryman, is just released from custody, his wife clings to him, his mother holds up one of the children for an embrace, and his father prays God to bless the advocate who has so ably defended his son; thus the scene is full of excitement and emotion, of which themselves at once point out the cause. The head of the principal figure is too large, and the features want agreeable character. Altogether, however, the work is one of great merit.

No. 558. 'The Sunday-school,' R. McINNES. The relief and repose of Sunday morning is the proposition of this work, that shows accordingly a double line of the best little girls in the parish about to enter the church-door, and, as a contrast to them, two very naughty boys, one up in the yew-tree, and the other leaning idly against the trunk. The church, and churchyard, are painted with the utmost care, and the faces of the children are equal in finish to the most delicate miniature.

No. 562. 'Our Saviour Journeying to Jerusalem,' J. WOOD. A long picture, with a multitude of figures, and showing the Saviour riding on an ass in the midst. There are, in the throng, many well-conceived characters.

No. 569. 'Milton Visiting Galileo in the Prison of the Inquisition,' E. CROWE, Jun. This is an admirable subject, but it is materially damaged by the way in which the background material is painted up. Galileo is stretched upon a couch of dried sedges, tended by his two daughters, who were nuns in a convent near his prison; but Milton sits at the door, as if he was not of the party—an arrangement which disintegrates the composition. As well as can be seen, the figures are most carefully drawn and painted.

No. 570. 'Hills and Dales in Wales,' T. DANBY. The genial and harmonious warmth that pervades this view leaves no room for unfavourable remark with respect to colour. The materials are of ordinary character: an expanse of rough bottom on the right, but on the left broken by clumps of trees, the whole closed by near mountains. This *suave* manner of colour produced, we may suppose, by general glazes, yields faith to the principles propounded and advocated by Reynolds.

No. 577. 'Through the Needle ee, boys,' R. GAVIN. The title is the name of the game in which this hilarious company are engaged. The merits of the picture are of a positive kind, as illustrating the force of firmly-painted and strongly-toned figures in opposition to an open airy space. The heroes and heroines are village children, more earnestly than gracefully active in their sport. The artist has dared to paint eccentric attitudes of much diff-

culty, not only to the painter, but also to the model.

No. 583. 'Scene in "the Glebe," South Brent, Devon,' J. GENDALL. A well-selected subject, translated to the canvas apparently with good taste, but too high to be seen. The artist enjoys well-earned repute.

No. 588. 'Miss Eliza Partridge,' Miss E. PARTRIDGE. A head and bust, coloured with much natural freshness.

No. 589. 'The Young Royalist,' J. A. VINTER. A small picture, in which a child is armed with his father's cuirass. Very agreeable in effect; but the cuirass is of a fashion too modern.

No. 591. 'Morning on the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. HERING. The view is taken from a garden terrace on the banks of the lake, whence is seen the amphitheatre of mountains rising from the opposite shore, and there it is that we discern the type of the morning. The mountains appear through an atmosphere laden with thin grey mist, the function of which is discharged in a manner that fully supports the title.

No. 592. 'Clover Time, Dencross Farm, Edinburgh, Kent,' W. S. ROSE. The most earnest production we have ever seen under this name; but there is yet room to improve the raggedness of the foliage and its very cold hue—and the sky is somewhat tame; but with these exceptions, it is a landscape of considerable merit.

No. 595. 'My ain Fireside,' T. FAED. The qualities of this picture are of the same high order as those of 'Sunday Morning in the Backwoods.' Two cottagers, man and wife, are seated at "their ain fireside," and the mother has placed the baby on the floor to play with a rough terrier. The picture exhibits much of the science of the art in its variety of well placed gradation, and the force given to the highest tones that are employed. The little window at the back of the woman performs no useful office in the general effect, but is rather prejudicial to it by disturbing the background, and so depriving the female figure of a portion of her proper substance.

No. 596. 'Gallantry,' J. A. HOUSTON. The figures here are two village children—boy and girl—that are on their way to school, and the boy holds a broad leaf of burdock over the head of his companion. The figures are brought well forward: but the girl is too pretty, and she looks fixedly at the spectator.

No. 606. 'Charles Lewis Gruneisen, Esq., F.R.G.S.,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. This is a small portrait, which, as to the quality of the work, is one of the best ever painted by this excellent artist.

No. 619. 'Garden Flowers,' Miss MUTRIE. The firmness of manner, powerful colour, and natural condition and circumstances characterizing the works of this lady, are refreshing to those wearied with the everlasting prim drawing-room arrangement that prevails among our flower painters. No. 621. 'Travellers' Joy,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE, is, perhaps, even more attractive than the former: both are of surpassing excellence.

No. 622. 'On the Mole, near Dorking, Surrey,' H. B. GRAY. A weedy pool shaded by trees, with that unmistakable air of truth which is derived from being painted on the spot.

No. 626. 'The Lost Change,' W. H. KNIGHT. The subject is dignified by so much good work having been bestowed on it. A child, it seems, has lost some money, and has enlisted a little army of sympathisers, including the rector. It is a composition that does not tell its own story.

No. 628. 'The Dargle, County Wicklow,' E. HARGETT. As to forms and local features this is a most honest version of a given locality; we feel the ground firm under our feet, but the metallic and uncompromising green of the trees is entirely beside nature.

No. 634. 'French Peasants finding their Stolen Child,' P. H. CALDERON. The scene here is the stage of a company of *saltimbanques* at a country fair, and there, supported by a police functionary, they claim their daughter, who is dressed in tawdry rags as a performer. All the figures have been very carefully wrought, and the supplementary circumstance assists the story.

No. 636. 'J. C. Hook, Esq., A.,' R. HANNAH. A small profile head, very skilful in manipulation, and an excellent likeness.

No. 637. 'A Water-Mill,' the late J. STARK. This work, we regret to say, will be the last exhibited under this name. The late Mr. Stark was one of the very few *naturalists* of our landscape school before it was revolutionised. When landscape painting was nothing more than indoor sketching, James Stark was diligently working from the face of nature, and hence the freshness which, from an early period, stamped his productions with that local reality which can never be improvised.

No. 640. 'Equestrian Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Bedford,' S. PEARCE. The Duke is mounted on a very quiet grey pony, and is surrounded by foxhounds; he wears "pink," and looks like the creature so loudly vaunted in ancient verse and modern song—the "old English gentleman."

No. 649. 'Capture of Mediterranean Pirates,' J. DANBY. The capture is but an episode aside; the sunset is the theme, worked out as it is with the utmost power of the palette. The pirate, a xebec-looking craft, and the war-steamer, are grouped on the left.

No. 660. 'Summer Time, in the South of Essex,' H. B. WILLIS. Summer is here celebrated by a group of cattle on a site raised slightly, but sufficiently to bring them up against the lower sky and the airy distance. The animals, especially the horses, display perfect knowledge of the anatomy and form; and the work is, altogether, one of very considerable merit.

We have left no space for even a brief review of the drawings and miniatures; there are, however, hung in the Water-Colour Room a few works which cannot be left without notice.

No. 900. 'Too Late,' W. S. WINDUS. A man, two female figures, and a child, are the figures in this composition, of which it can only be said that it is in the extremity of "Pre-Raphaelite" manner. The story is hopelessly obscure.

No. 914. 'Near the Goat Pen, Windsor Great Park,' A. McCALLUM. The colour in this work is perhaps too playful, but the detail of the trunks and branches of the trees has been carried out with exemplary patience.

No. 924. 'Pæstum,' J. F. CROFSEY. The ruins are brought forward under an effect of sunset: a scene of imposing solemnity.

No. 933. 'A Quiet Pool in Glen Falloch,' B. W. LEADER. The stones, water, and foreground material in this work are of surpassing excellence.

No. 935. 'The Spinning Wheel,' J. BOSTOCK. A single figure, well drawn and effectively brilliant in colour.

No. 962. 'Breakfasting Out,' R. DOWLING. Literally breakfasting out, for it is a street breakfast—the hour six, and the party a "mixture;" but the characters are very judiciously selected, and everywhere the painting and drawing are unexceptionable. The name is new to us, but his manner of Art is sound, and bears with it a prospect of distinction.

It is certain that photography has scattered the "miniaturists;" it may be long before we again see the starry assemblage of faces "in little" we have been accustomed to see in this room.

THE SCULPTURE.

Year by year are we painfully reminded of the insufficiency of the sculpture crypt—but, happily, there is a prospect of amelioration; for in their new edifice the Academy dare not fall into the error of building only for their own day. The first work in the catalogue of the sculpture is 'H.R.H. The Prince Consort,' W. THEED, a life-sized bust of the prince, remarkable at once as a felicitous resemblance, and an unaffected work of Art. Then follow these small works, of which the titles only can be given. No. 1232, 'The Triumph of Judith,' J. S. WESTMACOTT, either bronze or coloured plaster; being the apex of the pyramid, it cannot be examined. No. 1234, 'Alfred the Great'—bronze statuette, H. ARMSTEAD. No. 1235, 'Ideal bust of a Warrior'—marble, W. D. JONES. No. 1236, 'Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart.'—bronze statuette, BARON MAROCHETTI. No. 1238, 'William the Conqueror'—bronze statuette, H. ARMSTEAD. No. 1239, 'The adopted sketch for a statue of Caxton, to be erected in the Westminster Palace Hotel, part of which building stands on the site of Caxton's house,' by JOSEPH DURHAM. No. 1240, 'Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston'—marble statuette, R. C. LUCAS. No. 1241, 'Christ Enthroned; his Birth, Death, and Ascension; St. Peter on his right, St. Paul on his left,' R. L. BOULTON. No. 1243, 'Frolic,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A. No. 1244, 'Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.'—bronze medallion, T. WOOLNER. No. 1245, 'Lady Harrington and her son, Lord Petersham'—sketch for a portrait group, T. THORNYCROFT. No. 1246, 'Group of Mare and Deer-hound,' C. MCCARTHY. Of these there are certain works—in plaster or executed in bronze or marble—justly estimable as pieces of cabinet sculpture, composed with such nicety as to lines and quantities, that even with the same proportionate adjustments, they would be equally appreciable in heroic or life stature.

To turn to the larger works, No. 1248 is 'The Good Samaritan,' C. B. BIRCH, a subject so unsuitable for round sculpture, that it has never been our good fortune to see a successful version of it. In bas-relief it is more tractable; but here, as in other instances, the nude and the draped are not reconciled, and, unfortunately, the drapery of the Samaritan is so heavy as to make the opposition more sensibly felt. No. 1249, 'The Expulsion,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., has been modelled to be viewed from the left, on which side the firmness of the muscular and positive tendencies of the linear expression describe, on the part of Adam, rather an orgasm of rage than the subdued and bursting agony of despair. Adam appears to tear his hair. If this be not the action proposed, the arrangement is faulty, because it suggests that action; if it be the action intended, it would seem to be an act too scenic for the subject. Both figures present everywhere surfaces and lines of infinite beauty. No. 1250, 'Innocence,' L. A. MALEMPRE. In feeling, this statue is throughout identifiable with antique relics, but the extremely thick eyelids is a trick of the modern French school. The title is illustrated by a girl playing with a viper, that is twisted round her wrist. No. 1252, 'The Love Chase,' E. G. PAPWORTH, Jun. A girl with an Italian greyhound, which has leaped up to her shoulder to express its joy at having found its mistress, who had hidden herself. No. 1253, 'The Bard of Coila,' P. SLATER, is a bust of Burns, crowned with holly, according to the idea in the poet's "Vision." It is a good subject, and some surprise may be expressed that it has never occurred before to Scottish artists, so many of whom have searched Burns through and through for subject-matter. Much more might have been made of the idea. The hair

in importance supersedes the wreath. No. 1255, 'Emily and the White Doe of Rylestone,' F. M. MILLER. A very carefully modelled statuette, showing Emily seated, and the doe by her side. No. 1256, 'Happiness,' J. HANCOCK. This is a light figure of a girl dancing or skipping, with an advancing movement. She is looking at a small flower that she holds in her left hand. An hilarious vacuity is fully established, and the figure has many elegant points. No. 1257, J. BELL, is a private soldier of the brigade of Guards in heavy marching order, as those troops fought at Inkermann, being one of the figures intended to be cast in bronze, as forming a portion of the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. The proposition in this figure is an illustration of those qualities which stood our troops in such good stead against the fearful odds that were led against them. A statue of Dr. Isaac Barrow, No. 1258, by M. NOBLE, presents the subject seated, resting the left hand on a book poised edge-ways on the thigh, the left hand hanging down. It is an impressive work. No. 1259, a monumental effigy of Queen Catherine Parr, is a recumbent figure in marble, laid straight, and with the palms of the hands together, like the ancient monuments: it is the work of J. B. PHILIP. No. 1261 is the model of the colossal statue of Newton, which has been erected in bronze at Grantham. The form is erect, and holds in the left hand a mathematical figure, on which he is lecturing. The expression of the features is somewhat dark, from the head being thrown forward; had the countenance been raised, the result must have been light, language, and address: it is the work of W. THEED. 'Morning Dew,' No. 1264, one of a series of alti-relievi, representing the Hours, in course of execution for the hall of Bridge-water House, by order of the Earl of Ellesmere. The figure, by H. BANDEL, is modelled with extreme elegance of form; her wings are extended upwards, and the dew falls in drops from her extended hands. The flight of the owl indicates morning, or the subject would be difficult of interpretation: the lower limbs might perhaps have been disposed in better lines and forms, but it is a work of infinite beauty. No. 1266, 'Evangeline at the Jesuits' Mission beyond the Ozack Mountains,' &c., F. M. MILLER, is a figure full of earnest expression; it has been most carefully modelled, but it is not a subject well suited for sculpture. 'Daphne,' No. 1269, a marble statue by M. WOOD, presents the nymph turned into a laurel. An idea very similar to this is extant, we think, in an antique bas-relief in the museum at Naples. Parts of the figure are charmingly modelled and carved, but it is an error to place the figure in the easy pose of resting on the left leg while being turned into the tree: moreover, the projecting side seems too bulky. 'The Parting of Paul and Virginia,' No. 1270, J. DURHAM, is a group in which is consummated the essence of the characters. Virginia argues that it is the will of God she should depart. "But can you go," was Paul's reply, "and leave me here? We have had one cradle only, and one home." Virginia is turned from him, but Paul has passed his arm round her waist, as if he would ever there hold her. This finely sculptured and happily-conceived work is undoubtedly the "gem" of the exhibition; it is charming in feeling, and has been executed with exceeding truth: the group, therefore, will greatly aid to raise the excellent sculptor to high rank. No. 1271, 'Reveil de l'Amour,' J. GREYS, exhibits Cupid on his mother's knee, an arrangement that carries us back to the sickly classicities of the Louis Quatorze, and which no excellence of execution could render agreeable. An admirable statue in marble is No. 1272, P. HOLLINS, 'Thomas Hol-

loway, Esq.' It is the portrait of a gentleman who has obtained no small share of notoriety, for his name is known everywhere throughout the globe. The catalogue states that it is "intended for a charitable institution to be founded by him"—a good way of expending the fortune he is understood to have made by ministering to the diseased fancies of millions. Few more excellent works in marble than this have been produced by British sculptors. No. 1273, by G. FONTANA, is similar in character to No. 1271, and called 'Cupid Captured by Venus,' and represents Cupid held in a net by his mother. For such subjects taste has been long exploded, and we confess some surprise at their elaborate execution in marble. No. 1279, 'Model of the Memorial in Badminton Church to the late Duchess of Beaufort,' J. EDWARDS. A composition of excellent and appropriate taste. No. 1282, 'Cromwell,' a marble statue, half-life size, by S. LEITCHILD, represents Cromwell with one foot much advanced, both hands supported by his sword, before him, and holding a Bible. It is somewhat forced in character, but is nevertheless an excellent work. No. 1296, 'The Young Emigrant,' E. G. PAPWORTH, Sen., is a statue of a child—broad, simple, and beautiful. No. 1298, by J. H. FOLEY, R.A., 'Model of part of a monument erected by his surviving children to the memory of John Jones, Esq., of Crosswood, near Welshpool,' contains three female figures contemplating in sorrow the tomb of their departed father. They are charming in character, and the features are full of the most refined and touching expression. 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' No. 1325, W. THEED, is a model in alto-relievo, forming part of a series of subjects from English history, executed in bronze for the Palace of Westminster, by order of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts. This is most carefully modelled: such works will do credit to the Houses of Parliament. No. 1326, by J. THOMAS, 'Briséis,' a statue in marble, forms part of a chimney-piece, for John Holdsworth, Esq., of Glasgow; and No. 1332 is 'Thetis,' also a statue in marble, executed for the same destination: they are works of great merit; the taste which gives such commissions cannot be too highly lauded.

Of the busts, No. 1285, 'The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,' J. D. CRITTENDEN, is a painful error in everything relative to the art. No. 1286, 'Mrs. Winn Knight,' J. HANCOCK, is agreeably animated and expressive. No. 1290, 'Signor Mario, as Duca di Mantova, in "Rigoletto,"' by C. F. FULLER, is one of those errors of taste and judgment which sometimes become conspicuous from very extravagance. 'D. Macleise, Esq., R.A.,' J. THOMAS, a marble bust, admirably executed, and very like the subject. 'W. P. Frith, Esq., R.A.,' also by J. THOMAS, equally striking as to likeness. Then there are No. 1299, 'Lord Brougham,' J. E. JONES; No. 1301, 'The late Venerable John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan,' J. EDWARDS; No. 1309, 'John Propert, Esq., Founder and Treasurer of the Royal Medical Benevolent College,' E. W. WYON; No. 1320, 'John Edmund Reade'—marble bust, T. BUTLER; No. 1321, 'An African Head,' H. WEEKES, A.; No. 1322, 'George Samuel, Esq., E. A. FOLEY; No. 1327, 'The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury'—marble bust, M. NOBLE; No. 1330, 'George Stephenson'—marble, E. W. WYON; No. 1339, 'Miss Mary Warburton Waters,' E. A. FOLEY; No. 1346, 'George M. Jones, M.R.C.S.,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A.; No. 1347, 'The late Duke of Marlborough,' H. WEEKES, A. The sculptural works number 151, among which there is a dearth of conceptions of exalted aspiration, the general tone of the sculpture coinciding with that of the rest of the exhibition.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE SISTERS.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.

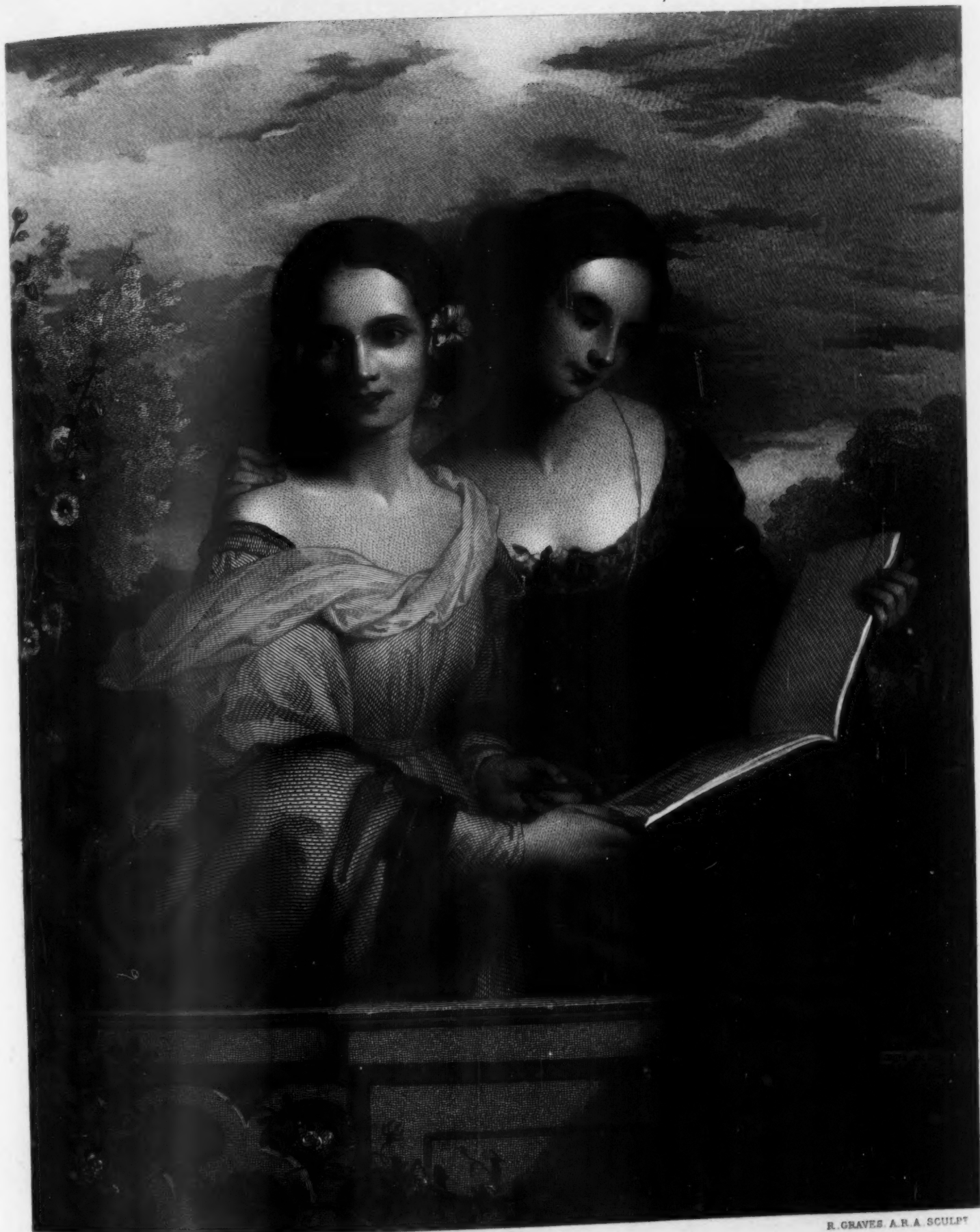
Size of the Picture 1 ft. 10½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

No one who is thoroughly conversant with the works of Sir Charles Eastlake would be likely to attribute this picture to any other hand, so completely does it bear the impress of those qualities which characterise the President's style,—his elegance of composition, his delicacy of feeling, and tenderness of colouring, which here almost amounts to feebleness. The figures are, we have heard, portraits of two sisters, maidens of English birth and blood, but they are so like some of the females which the painter has introduced into other works, and are so Italianised, as it were, that one is apt to imagine they have served as favourite models for several of his pictures; certain it is that he has brought his feeling for Italian art into his representation of these aristocratic descendants of Saxon lineage. We have spoken of the colouring as having a tendency to weakness; but it is only by comparison with that we are accustomed to see from the hands of the best painters of the English school, and also by comparison with many of the pictures painted by the President himself, whose most important works,—those which he produced in the zenith of his practice,—are remarkably rich, though not brilliant, in colour; forcible, but not overpowering. Moreover, there is in this picture such a beautiful harmony of tints throughout the whole, that it in a great measure compensates for the absence of that other quality—power, which many consider as absolutely essential to good painting. The features of the "Sisters" are very lovely, eloquently expressive of gentle birth, intelligence, and sweetness of temper, discoursing with abundant earnestness the language of the heart.

Almost all the works of Sir Charles Eastlake manifest a feeling that has its origin in his love of early Italian art; and who that has studied it in the best examples—those which exhibit but little indication of the influence of Greek or Byzantine art—is not impressed with the pure and exalted sentiments that animated the spirits of those old painters? "If," says M. Rio, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," "we consider painting in the periods of its development as the imperfect but progressive expression—the voice, as it were, of the nations of modern Europe, before the formation of their language; if we reflect that in these rude works were deposited the strongest and purest emotions of their hearts, as well as the liveliest creations of their imaginations; that it was their hope and intention that these despised works should be immortal, and render undying testimony to their enthusiasm and faith; we become less severe in our criticism of the various kinds of merit, the union of which constitutes, in our judgment, a *chef-d'œuvre*, and, fixing our attention less closely on the surface of things, we endeavour to penetrate more deeply into their nature." It is because we accustom ourselves to look too much for the external evidences of good art—its mere mechanism, as it were—and too little for the mind and soul of the painter, that these inspirations of the early masters leave so unfavourable and unworthy an impression upon us. In a word, ours is an age in which both artists, and they who profess to love art, have little community of feeling with those who lived four or five centuries before us.

The types of the President's style of painting are found in the Venetian school when it was still under the influence of the traditions of Christian art, and had not imbibed that voluptuousness—the word is used here in its most refined sense—of manner which at a subsequent period characterised its disciples: even in those works which do not strictly represent religious subjects, such as his "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," there is a devotional feeling and a solemnity of treatment that almost justifies their being included under such a title. Other living painters may possibly make stronger appeals to popular admiration, but the pictures by Sir C. Eastlake will always win the suffrages of the discriminating few.

"The Sisters" is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P. R. A. PINXT

R. GRAVES, A. R. A. SCULPT

THE SISTERS.

FROM THE PICTURE. IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

3 JU 59

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

In consequence of the lateness of Easter this year, the opening of this exhibition was postponed a week, so as to be first accessible to the public simultaneously with that of the Royal Academy, a coincidence which may have fallen out in earlier years, but certainly not in the later history of the institution. The private views were held on consecutive days—the 29th and 30th of April. The Society show an assemblage of works as brilliant as has ever been seen on its walls, and on a general survey, there appears more of equality than on previous occasions. The line presents a succession of excellent works, but above and below the line there are productions which might be placed by the side of those of the highest class—a circumstance which shows that the members could fill a much larger space than that which is at their disposal. There has been evinced here for some time past, both in figure and landscape, a progressive tendency to earnestness and reality which develops the most satisfactory results. In figure composition, those who especially distinguish themselves are Gilbert, Burton, Topham, Nash, Frederick Tayler, Miss Gillies, and Riviere; and in landscape, marine, and local description, those who especially earn distinction are Harding, Holland, Cox, Duncan, Newton, Davidson, Branwhite; with others in flowers and fruit, as Hunt and Bartholomew. Among the minor landscape drawings there are no examples of easy slipshod sketching; and even in such works as may be designated failures, the errors are not of the free-and-easy kind—the artists having been particularly laborious in going wrong. The works of two of the most distinguished of the members will be missed from the walls—neither Jenkins nor Haag contribute: both are figure painters; had they supplied their usual quota, there would have been at least a dozen or sixteen more of first-class figure subjects. But, to proceed to detail, we commence with—

No. 9. 'Stepping-Stones on the Llugwy—Moel Siabod in the Distance,' C. BRANWHITE. The masterly *mecanique* of this artist claims generally all the admiration which is elicited by his works: but in this case there is more of nature than is usually found in them. The composition presents very simply two breadths, the lower of shade, the upper of light—the higher objects catching the rays of the descending sun.

No. 13. * * * * C. DAVIDSON.

"Ye happy, happy trees,
That in perpetual ease
Stand in the soil where ye as saplings grew," &c.

These verses of Mackay supply both title and theme to a drawing which we find much more subdued than the intense sunny verdure we have been accustomed to heretofore. The drawing of the branches is extremely careful; but the lights want spirit and breadth. It looks like a study made on the spot.

No. 16. 'A Trumpeter,' JOHN GILBERT. A grand figure, so excellent as to evoke the closest examination of the rest of the drawing, and on finding a flaw or two, we revert to the trumpeter himself, and forget all the rest. He is rather a cavalier than a roundhead, and his open sleeve places him above the rank of a trumpeter. His horse looks some ribs too short; but if the hip of the animal were toned down, it would puzzle a very close observer to detect this. The manipulation presents curious passages of despotic handling—there is body-colour over pure water-colour, and water-colour over body colour, inasmuch that the horse's mane looks as if it were mildewed. The man and horse are relieved by a dark sky.

We fancy another hand must have been at work on this drawing—it seems to have been touched upon by one Diego Velasquez.

No. 20. 'The Highland Emigrant's Last Look at Loch Lomond,' MARGARET GILLIES. The touching sentiment with which this lady qualifies her works is of a nature to give its full force to a subject such as this. The emigrant is an aged man, who sits on the mountain-side absorbed in mournful thoughts: a title is not necessary to declare it a sorrowful leave-taking.

No. 22. 'The Life-Boat,' E. DUNCAN. This is a coast-scene in a storm, with a ship already in the breakers driving ashore. On the sands appear a number of people dragging the life-boat, as about to render assistance to the fated craft. In this admirable drawing, the sea and the sky are triumphant passages of expression; the vulgar resource of heavy fore-sea waves has no place here; without these we feel the hurricane, and taste the salt spray. The view takes the eye along the coast; and never have we seen any similar description in which the vehement raging of the sea was so perfectly sustained throughout. If Turner's name were to this drawing, it would be esteemed the best, the most intelligible of his wrecks. It is throughout pure water-colour.

No. 26. 'Spanish Gossip,' F. W. TOPHAM. The subject is a various agroupment at the door of a posada apparently, where we are introduced to a muleteer, a centre-piece in a bouquet (that is, artistically speaking) of Spanish women, who are very skillfully disposed in composition, with a charming play of reflected lights. The *locale*, with its archway and all its curiosities of architecture, is brought forward, it may be presumed, just as the artist found it.

No. 31. 'Wreckers, Coast of South Wales,' E. DUNCAN. This drawing forms an unexceptionable pendant to the other, No. 22, just noticed. A large vessel is cast ashore, and a number of the coast inhabitants are busied in breaking her up and appropriating the timbers. There are qualities in this work equal to 'The Life-Boat.'

No. 36. 'The Cannoch Burn,' JAMES HOLLAND. The subject is a deep, dark, eddying pool in a limestone basin: a very powerful sketch, never touched apparently since it was put into the portfolio on the spot.

No. 38. 'Thatching the Haystack,' C. DAVIDSON. There is no ambition in this drawing, save that of reproducing the farmyard, in which the haystack is being covered. It shows a more generous treatment, with colour more ingenuous than appears in No. 13.

No. 41. 'Interior of the Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg,' S. READ. This drawing transcends every former effort of the artist. The prominent feature of the composition is the famous pix in the Church of St. Lawrence, which rises relieved by the more deeply-toned walls, and the painted windows of the edifice. It is a difficult subject to deal with, and might easily have become offensively rigid; but here it falls into the composition, and yet is sufficiently important.

No. 43. 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' JOSEPH NASH. It is because Mr. Nash is a *cinque* and a *sci-centist* that he is open to the suspicion of intending a joke here. The title is Scott's, and it can never be applied otherwise than in reference to Scott's verse. Mr. Nash's minstrel is infirm and old, certainly, but he wears continuations which at the present day may be seen in every shire in these kingdoms. The ladies are too closely packed, and there is too much light; the decorations of the room have been studied more than the effect of the drawing.

No. 44. 'Head of Loch Lomond, with Ben Lomond in the Distance,' P. J. NAFTEL. Well

selected for variety of line and quantity; but it is carried out so absolutely that there is no nook wherein we can escape the impertinences of the art. The entire surface wants softening.

No. 46. 'Don Quixote Disarmed by the Waiting-Women of the Duchess,' JOSEPH NASH. Why has this admirable subject never been painted by Leslie or MacIise? It merits something beyond a water-colour drawing, and with a Quixote some twelve heads high. Again, everything bustles into light—yet there is great piquancy in everything which Mr. Nash touches.

No. 49. 'Interior of the Middle or Lower Church of St. Francesco, Assisi,' E. A. GOODALL. This is the church that was decorated by Perugino. It reminds the traveller of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, or it may be somewhat more crypt-like. The character of the ancient frescoes is rendered with perfect exactitude. The subject is very rarely treated, although more pictorial than a long catalogue of the lofty churches.

No. 51. 'A Father and Daughter,' MARGARET GILLIES. The story is simple and perspicuous: they are contemplating the portrait of one departed—the wife and the mother—and the features of both coincide in expression of emotion; but their language is different—for there is a light and an exaltation in the features of the girl, that speak of her as less dwelling on the picture than communing with her mother in the spirit.

No. 54. 'Lake of Thun—Evening,' S. P. JACKSON. An essay less fortunate than his coast-subjects. In nine out of ten times when we see Alpine scenery, the lower section of the view is kept low in tone, while the mountains, with their snowy mantles, are thrown up into light,—*sic omnes*.

No. 56. 'Preaching in the Crypt,' G. DODGSON. A masterly sketch, mysterious and impressive, inasmuch as to fix the attention, although so slight.

No. 57. 'Kidwelly Castle, South Wales,' G. FRIPP. A small drawing, broad, substantial, harmonious.

No. 68. 'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' S. READ. Principally the well-known screen; beautiful in colour and graceful in proportion. The tone of the screen admits of the full daylight effect.

No. 72. 'Scotch Prisoners taken at a Convicticle—the subject suggested by Sir Walter Scott's tale of "Old Mortality,"' FRED. TAYLER. Translated *literatim* according to the spirit of the history: there is the cart containing the minister and a part of his congregation, all the men being manacled. They are accompanied by an escort of Claverhouse's troopers. The allusion is patent: the supposition has been too frequently a reality, with greater atrocities than are even hinted at here.

No. 73. * * * * D. COX. A quotation stands here in the place of a title to a large drawing, the breadth of which presents a rocky river-bed, over which the water flows foaming in full volume. A very powerful sketch, as dark as any by its author. The surface shows a number of creases, as if the drawing had been folded, or pasted together.

No. 75. 'In St. Eucharius' Chapel, Nuremberg,' F. W. BURTON. The colour of this drawing is nearly that of the chapel itself; and truly, with any knowledge of the management of gradations, colour other than veritable local tint could be dispensed with. Great elevation is obtained by carrying one of the columns upwards out of the composition.

No. 84. 'Darley Churchyard,' D. COX. How temptingly easy it looks to make a drawing of a churchyard, with a tree in the centre, a regiment of spectral tombstones, and a full moon looking very red through the lowest and most earthy stratum of atmosphere: many have

essayed a poem like this, but very few have achieved such a success as we see here.

No. 83. 'The Stepmother,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. The stepmother is a peasant girl, and her stepchild is a very young calf, which, it may be supposed, lost its fond mother by some vaccine casualty. A very pleasing figure, good-tempered and happy in her office. The calf will never miss its natural parent.

No. 92. 'The Valley of Chamouni,' J. D. HARDING. In this work the valuable points of landscape scenery which it presents are dealt with in that masterly feeling which is ever recognisable in the works of Mr. Harding. Chamouni were nothing without Mont Blanc; we have, therefore, a view of the summit of the mountain mingling with the clouds.

No. 103. 'Summer Shade,' G. DODGSON. The shade is that which visitors, if they choose, may enjoy under the group of trees near the steps on the terrace of Haddon. It is one of the best versions of the place that have of late been exhibited.

No. 104. 'The Fisher Boy,' WALTER GOODALL. A sea-side agroupment, consisting of the said fisher boy and a girl, holding a child that is wondering at the movements of a crab, which the boy holds up to its observation. The figures, and all the sea-side material, are very honestly rendered.

No. 108. 'Part of the Rath-Haus and Street—Scene at Paderborn, Westphalia,' J. BURGESS, Jun. This is a portion of the side of the town-hall which was built in the seventeenth century, with a glimpse of one of the numerous fountains for which the place is celebrated. No. 116 is a front view of the Rath-Haus, given as it is, and without qualification.

No. 117. 'The Pet,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. The two figures in this drawing have been washed so much that they sustain themselves with difficulty against the more substantial background. The pet is a goat, which the younger of the two is leading.

No. 119. 'Moonrise,' C. BRANWHITE. Successful in the simplicity of the effect, which, like No. 9, consists of an opposing light and dark. The drawing would have been more effective had it been smaller.

No. 121. 'Scene in Glen Morriston,' T. M. RICHARDSON. The "scene" is a wild gorge, through which occurs the downward rush of a rapid stream over a wild confusion of rocks resembling the ruins of a former world. There are numerous points of light which allow the eye no rest.

No. 122. 'Street of the Blacksmiths, Genoa,' E. A. GOODALL. A narrow street, picturesque with every irregularity of Italian street architecture,—irresistible as a subject even to a figure painter.

No. 123. 'Nature's Mirror,' WALTER GOODALL. Two girls at the brink of a pond, one assisting the other to adjust a water-lily as a head ornament by the aid of the reflection in the water. The figures are well rounded, and opposed to a piece of landscape of much sweetness.

No. 125. 'Sir Andrew Aguecheek writes a Challenge,' JOHN GILBERT. The matter in hand is rather Sir Toby Belch reading the challenge to Fabian and Maria, while Sir Andrew stands a little apart, his very attitude a menace and a challenge to any bystander. Mr. Gilbert this year throws off the mask entirely; we have hitherto had but glimpses of his thw and muscle, he is now fairly *en pose*. His oil-pictures are beaten out of the field by his own water-colours. It cannot be supposed—it were by no means desirable—that he should attempt a higher finish than is found here; his precious etching is only seen when we search for it, and very felicitous it is in every touch. The feet of Sir Andrew look as if the artist had condescended to the lay figure—

he may yet relent to the living model. In a picture of such excellence the eye is fretted by even small weaknesses; but now for the error of the drawing, and that is not a small one. We would gladly listen to Sir Toby, but the background is too loud—it is one surface of restless flutter, depriving the figures of their presence and address. When the eye passes to the 'Trumpeter' (pity that fine fellow is a non-combatant), the question is at once put, can the same mind have conceived both pictures? Again, there is No. 132, 'The Banquet at Lucentio's House,' a gem in all but the background. Bouquets of vulgar roses and camellias are showered in heaps on this artist; we cast him one coronal of laurel.

No. 128. 'The Widow of Wöhlm,' F. W. BURTON. A group of two figures, the widow and her daughter, brilliant in flesh tint, and painted with sincere feeling, without a thought of dalliance with a single circumstance that could rob the widow and her child of one throb of sympathy. It is, however, a singular oversight, that both faces should be turned the same way. It is a work of great power.

No. 136. 'The Park,' J. D. HARDING. One of those passages of landscape art which afford scope for the power of the painter—a passage of close scenery in the home grounds of a castellated mansion; consisting of a water-course divided by an islet, and shaded by aged and lofty trees. To earnest inquiry this picture is a mirror of the variegated thought that has filled the mind of the artist in its execution; every form, every gradation has its voice in the recital. While the effects are pronounced, the subtlety of the execution alone is inscrutable.

No. 140. 'The Sizar and the Ballad Singer,' F. W. TOPHAM. An admirable subject, paintable literally in all its circumstances. When poor Goldsmith was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, his habits even then were by no means provident, and, to save himself from actual starvation, he used to write ballads, and sell them for five shillings each at the "Reindeer Repository," in Mountrath Court. And now for the theme. It was his pleasure to steal out at night to hear his verses sung in the streets, and here we find him giving a halfpenny to the little sister of a girl who is singing one of these ballads. This is not the least affecting incident in the life of poor Goldie.

No. 145. 'Fruit,' V. BARTHOLOMEW. Realized with all the tempting freshness with which this artist always qualifies his fruit—in this case, a pine, plums, a melon, grapes, &c., and, in No. 177, gooseberries, plums, apples, &c.

No. 168. 'Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen,' W. CALLOW. It would be impossible to say how many times this famous *tour* has been painted; but it has never been more effectively represented.

No. 171. 'Carnarvonshire Mountains, from near Bettwys-y-coed,' D. COX, Jun. A large drawing; more perfect in its breadth, and imposing in character, than, perhaps, anything that has ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 176. 'At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex,' T. M. RICHARDSON. The view gives the line of coast towards Eastbourne and Beachy Head; but the feature of the drawing is the heavy sea that is beating on the beach.

No. 180. 'A Merchantman riding out a Gale on a Lee-shore,' S. P. JACKSON. This is the class of subject in which the artist excels. The ship is well-drawn, and seems likely to hold out; but what becomes of her at the ebb, for it seems now high-water, and she is all but ashore?

No. 181. 'First Approach of Winter—Scene, Inverloch Castle, Inverness-shire,' A. P. NEWTON. In character the subject is very like that contributed last year under this name. A

more perfect representation of snow on a mountain-side has never been achieved. Here and there, where the rock crops out, it is not made a spot, but it looks black enough, and is felt sufficiently hard; and, again, the sky—the air looks full of snow; and withal there is no parade—none of the idle pomp of execution. The nicety of the work is beyond all praise, although in some degree it approaches the photographic. This perfection of painting throughout the landscape makes the two small figures look more faulty than they are. These are the spot in the work—they are very feebly drawn.

No. 182. 'On Rannoch Moor, Argyleshire,' T. M. RICHARDSON. Treated in an excellent spirit; brilliant and effective.

No. 194. 'Lake of Como, from Menaggio—Early Morn,' W. C. SMITH. We look down on the lake from a gallery, but the view is superseded by the sky, which is proposed as the point of the picture—it is, although pale, very powerful.

No. 197. 'Striking the Bargain—An Irish Fair,' H. P. RIVIERE. A composition of numerous figures; the most important that the artist has painted. The fair is held in the open; and the society into which we fall, in the foreground, is most happily national. The bargain is for a pig, which a girl sells to some eminent dealer or agriculturist.

On the screens NASH again shines in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' two subjects; and by W. HUNT there are many drawings quite equal to his very best efforts; as also several of great merit by E. A. GOODALL, F. W. TOPHAM, MARGARET GILLIES, FREDERICK TAYLER, T. M. RICHARDSON, BURTON, a brilliant view of Venice, by HOLLAND, &c., &c., which our limited space does not permit us to particularise.

Perhaps the best evidence of the popularity of this exhibition is the number of works marked "sold;" they numbered, at the private view, one hundred and seventy-eight.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

UPON a certain Saturday in April we look for the private view of this exhibition—that Saturday nearest the middle of the month; and for years the prescription has been observed. If a balance be instituted, it will be found that the room presents a show of average merit; for, if the few more ambitious figure subjects fail in some points, there is compensation in the highest class landscape drawings. Since Mr. Haghe has taken up the oil-palette we feel the absence of his splendid essays: he exhibits only one drawing of importance—a subject from Scott's novel, "Woodstock," which has not the careful finish of former pictures. Mr. Corbould paints from Tennyson a 'Dream of Fair Women,' and sets before us Cleopatra, Jephthah's daughter, Helen, Fair Rosamond, and others—a theme more difficult of treatment in painting than in poetry, especially with the realism of Mr. Corbould's conceptions. Mr. Warren paints a figure from the first lines of "Paradise and the Peri," a work which, if not entirely successful, is distinguished by many beauties. Also from the poetry of Moore Mr. Tidey exhibits a composition, 'The Feast of Roses,'—a result of much thoughtful labour; and by Mole and Lee there are domestic incidents wherein the figures are most conscientiously made out. The landscape, marine, and sylvan material, by Bennett, Cook, E. Warren, Fahy, Pidgeon, &c., attest fine feeling, and the power to carry it out, and many of the smaller varieties have every admirable quality.

No. 2. 'Close of Day—Returning Home, West Coast of Cornwall,' S. COOK. This and No. 6 are, as to material, the same subjects, but the latter is a morning effect. It is a rocky coast scene, with a prominent cliff in the centre of the drawing. The sky is spotted with light and dark clouds, which are settling for the night; the tide is retiring to its proper ocean bed, and a few now mute sea-birds are seeking their lodging in the cliffs. The sentiment is most impressive, and the success of the evening version reduces the interest of the morning effect.

No. 18. 'Ancient Aqueduct across the River Meles, Smyrna,' D. H. M'KEWAN. This aqueduct, with a mixed course of Gothic and Roman arches, crosses a gorge running perspectively into the composition. The drawing is interesting as presenting a view of a remarkable architectural relic.

No. 32. 'In the Fields,' E. G. WARREN. It is not sufficiently apparent that we are in the fields here, as it would appear that we are under the shade of an immediate clump of beeches—trees extremely difficult to paint, the weak part of all pictures of beeches being the individuality of the leaves. It is a careful study, worked out, it would seem, on the spot.

No. 36. 'Leisure Hour at the Smithy,' HARRISON WEIR. The subject is a couple of horses waiting the *devoirs* of the blacksmith: they are well drawn and characteristic; both look as if they had done their work. The drawing is well put together, but the execution seems to have been the difficulty.

No. 41. 'Roslyn Chapel,' JOHN CHASE. True, it is very green, but the vegetation sorely importunes the eye. In the drawing, its proportions look larger than the reality; but this were not remarkable had there been somewhat more of poetry in the rendering: historians and poets have done with it—it is now the copyhold of painters only.

No. 45. 'A Willing Ear,' J. H. MOLE. A rustic group—maid and youth "fore-gathered" at a stile; the "willing ear" is, of course, that of the girl, and the subject of their discourse is the *vezala questio* of the youthful heart: they may speak in whispers, but we hear every word they utter.

No. 49. 'The Rath-Haus, Prague,' THOMAS S. BOYS. This view of the quaint old town-hall, with its tower and innumerable windows, is taken from that part of the Great Ring which brings the pillar of the Virgin into the composition on the left. A subject of much picturesque interest.

No. 53. 'Cromwell,' L. HAGHE. This is the scene from Scott's novel, "Woodstock," in which Wildrake witnesses the interruption of Cromwell's contemplation of the portrait of Charles I., and hears the deprecatory appeal of the Protector's daughter, "Father, this is not well; you have promised me this should not happen." Cromwell is our accepted ideal of the Protector; his eyes are fixed upon the picture, and his frame and features are convulsed with emotion, as his daughter gently takes his hand. In this branch of art, Mr. Haghe is at home: the composition, character, and effect are admirable, but the heads are not so well executed as formerly; the female head has been forgotten—it is little more than marked in. Scott's Roger Wildrake is the most perfect conception of the reckless cavalier; but the figure in this drawing is not the Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Meer, Lincoln, who was young, handsome, and, as the times went, a gentleman; but not one of these qualifications has this embodiment.

No. 57. 'The Skirts of a Wood, Wootton, Surrey,' J. W. WHYMFER. A large drawing of a close sylvan subject, treated more successfully than any similar theme we have ever seen exhibited under this name.

No. 61. 'An Emeute at Louvaine in the Olden Time,' L. HAGHE. This, or something very like it, is the subject of one of Mr. Haghe's series of lithographs descriptive of remarkable pieces of architecture in Belgium. The scene is the street in front of the Hotel de Ville, which is attacked by an armed mob, and defended by the authorities, between whom the conflict is raging with a sanguinary and a fatal issue. The figures are very spirited in their action.

No. 67. 'The Junction of the Greta and the Tees, Yorkshire,' W. BENNETT. This is high up the river, above Barnard Castle, where its most picturesque features are found. It is principally the bed of the Tees that is here seen, cumbered with heavy blocks of stone, which break the course of the gentle summer stream. The river-bed lies between overhanging masses of foliage, that we may assume to be entirely elm, for there is no descriptive individuality. It is a powerful and effective drawing.

No. 73. 'The Peri,' HENRY WARREN. It is scarcely necessary to say that the subject is—

"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate," &c.;

but the head of the Peri does not realize the ideal conveyed by Moore's verse; the face is round, chubby, and wants poignancy of expression; and the hair, as it does not fit the head, suggests rather a peruke than natural hair. These defects are not difficult to remedy; if the face were inspirited, the drawing would be one of the best Mr. Warren has ever produced. The architecture is Moresque where it should more properly have been Christian; but the draperies, flowers, and general character of the picture are admirable.

No. 88. 'Lost in the Woods,' E. G. WARREN. It is a child that has lost its way, but the interest is in the woods, not in the child. The whole of the lower section of the drawing lies in shade under the tall trees, and the tone is forced into depth; but its breadth is most satisfactory, as abounding with an infinity of herbage and leafage, each item of which is painted out to the life. The depth, as we have implied, of the shade is not true, but never was untruth more fascinating.

No. 92. * * * * * WILLIAM LEE. The theme is a mother teaching her child to pray—a suggestion of the lines of Montgomery—

"And beautiful beyond compare,
An infant kneeling down to prayer!
When lifting up its little hands,
The soul beyond the age expands."

The composition contains four figures—a French fishing family; the interest being centred in a child at its mother's knee, in the act of prayer. All the faces are executed with the utmost delicacy of execution, and the other qualities of the drawing constitute it a production of much excellence.

No. 96. 'Edinburgh Old Town,' G. SIMONAU. The subject is an agroupment of old houses in a wynd debouching on the Canongate, or some other of Reekie's historical highways. It is really a drawing of force and character, most modest in colour, but palpable in substance. The left of the view is materially injured by a hideous form, like a wooden gable; the omission of this had been a venial, nay, a virtuous license.

No. 99. 'Marie Antoinette playing the Milk-maid at the Trianon,' E. MORIN. A composition with rather the qualities of a sketch than those of a picture. We are introduced to a throng of jauntily-dressed people, with whom the business of the hour is the most earnest trifling, and the flutter of the sketch is much in that feeling; it looks, by the way, like a satire on the life of one whose days closed in agony and bitterness.

No. 100. 'Fishing-Boats off the Public Gardens, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. This garden terrace, with an accompaniment of boats and figures, appears from time to time in exhibitions; but it always looks scenic, visionary—yet in this it is but in character with very much of the City of the Sea. It had been better even to have carried out this feeling; its matter of fact reduces the subject to *petitesse*.

No. 107. * * * * * HENRY TIDEY.

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither."

We see at once that the old couple here are no other than John Anderson and his dame; the circumstances of the group declare this; but in the face of the old man there is a want of that intelligent *bon hommie* with which we are accustomed in imagination to qualify the features of John Anderson. The manipulation of the faces is skilful and effective, but the colour is monotonous.

No. 117. 'The Little Playfellows,' W. LEE. The playfellows are a child and a dog that are rolling together on the ground; there is also in the picture a *materfamilias*, not canine, but human, who regards with interest, and, perhaps, not without reproof, the fitful gambols of these two members of her household. The artist has succeeded perfectly in giving this really difficult incident with all its spirited naturalness.

No. 134. 'Florence—from San Miniato,' T. H. CROMIEK. We are as weary of Florence, from this point, as of Venice from off the Piazza. We meet here with a goatherd of the Campagna—a personage never seen near Florence. There are twenty charming views from the Boboli Gardens, others from Fiesole, others from both shores of the Arno, below the city, but San Miniato is ever the spontaneous "little" of every travelling sketcher who goes to Florence.

No. 142. 'Early Primroses,' FANNY HARRIS. The leaves, especially, of this simple bouquet are very truly painted.

No. 146. 'Prior Aymer and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert on their way to the House of Cedric the Saxon,' G. H. LAFORTE. The animals on which the chiefs of this cavalcade are mounted are admirably drawn; but we fear the refinements of breeding shown here were not those of the days of Cedric.

No. 152. 'British Horse Artillery dashing into Action,' GEORGE B. CAMPION. The spirit and truth of this drawing are undoubtedly results of experience and observation in Plumstead marshes.

No. 157. 'Sunset in Solitude,' T. LINDSAY. A composition of the kind called poetic, and wanting, therefore, all the incident of local identity. The material is a lake shut in by rocks, and a little removed from the broken foreground. The sentiment is what it is meant to be—romantic; but the heron is out of his place on a rock in the near section of the composition.

No. 163. 'Divinity Chapel, Christ Church, Oxford,' J. S. PROUT. This drawing is not large enough to show the detail of the subject, which is, in reality, a portion of the splendid tomb of St. Frideswide in the "Dormitory." The treatment is simple, straightforward, and accurately descriptive.

No. 166. 'The Greenwood Shade,' H. MAPLESTONE. In giving a title to this drawing it has been forgotten that it is without one gleam of sunshine, and the idea of this defect causes us to feel the effect somewhat heavy.

No. 171. 'The Feast of Roses,' H. TIDEY. This is Feramorz's story of the lovers' quarrel, and their reconciliation on the occasion of the "Feast of Roses." The *locale* is not that

described in the poem, being more like a terrace on the Bosphorus than the vale of Cashmere. It is a rich composition, very successful in the oriental abandon which characterises it. The scene is brought forward under two lights: that of the moon, and that of the lamps that illumine the festival. It is somewhat too full of material, and could, therefore, well spare one or two redundant passages; it evidences, however, ample resource and good feeling in execution.

No. 178. 'An Oxfordshire Village—Gleaners Returning,' JAMES FAHEY. The subject is especially a line of thatched cottages that run into the picture, gay with the summer greenery of some ancient loving trees that look as if they had, for the best part of a century, clung for support to the white-washed walls. This class of habitation, with its outward maintenance and surroundings, we see nowhere but in England.

No. 181. 'Game Fowls,' CHARLES H. WEGALL. We know nothing of the "points" of poultry, but these birds are life-like and symmetrical.

No. 182. 'Fishing-Boats—Venice,' WILLIAM TELBIN. A group of those boats that are now so well-known as Venetian, with snatches of the city as a background. The craft, with all their appointments, have been finished with great assiduity—without prejudice in anywise to the breadth of the work.

No. 192. 'The Mardol, Shrewsbury,' THOS. S. BOYA. Had these houses been a little less precise in execution, they had been more picturesque, as they approach the character of those valuable dirty old houses that are yet extant at Rouen and Abbeville.

No. 197. 'Hurstmonceaux, Sussex,' JOHN CHASE. Simply the two entrance towers over the dry moat; but they are not sufficiently dignified, and the colour of the brick is much brighter than here represented. The proportions, moreover, are very graceful in the reality.

No. 198. 'A Fisherman's Home,' J. H. MOLE. His home just overlooks the beach, and he is nursing one of his children—the wife forming also one of the *personae* of the scene, which is highly successful as a representation of domestic felicity in humble life.

No. 204. 'The Tees and Mottram Tower, Yorkshire,' W. BENNETT. The liquid space which does duty as sky in this drawing is so triumphant as an expression of air, that the trees are left entirely to themselves to assert their substance, which they do very impressively. It is a sunset of great power, affording us a distant view of the clear boulder-bedded river Tees, famous for landing-nets, and brandling, the smallest of the *genus saluo*. A work of high character, earnest, simple, and natural.

No. 212. 'A Dream of Fair Women,' E. H. CORBOULD. The circumstances of poetic narrative cannot, in every case, be attempted *literatim*. In verse the material may be broadcast, and yet the verse may constitute a poem; but on canvas the subject cannot be relatively distributed, and so form a picture. The subject is from Tennyson, and the composition is the result of earnest thought and studious elaboration; but the artist knew that in isolating his figures he was outraging a fundamental principle of composition. It is not enough that it is a dream—it is not enough that in the poem the figures are disjunctively conjoined; in grave narrative it is a vicious experiment; in whimsical recital it would be scarcely tolerable. The composition, then, contains four principal figures, two of which especially are statuesque individualities, upright, independent, and honest haters of each other; the others, reclining on the ground, are equally at variance with each other and the

composition. The nearest is Cleopatra, but she has no speculation in her eyes, nor is she the voluptuous, fiery Egyptian queen of whom we can have but one idea. The history of Fair Rosamond and the vengeful phantom Eleanor is sufficiently perspicuous, but not so clear are those of Helen and Jephthah's daughter. Next to the want of unity in this work is the palpable presence of the figures. It cannot be doubted that when the poet wrote his dream that his mind was full of the "Inferno" of Dante, and the painter would have done better to have assumed in his work a tone more visionary.

No. 215. 'Haddon, from the Terrace,' JOHN CHASE. So frequently has Haddon been painted, that we seem to have a nodding acquaintance with every feature of the place.

No. 221. 'Venice in the Sixteenth Century—A Festival before the Palazzo D'Oro, Canale Grande,' CHARLES VACHER. These *feste* were necessarily a parade of gondolas, but the edict was not then in force enacting that they should all be painted black; thus we have them here of every possible hue. These façades, with the wear of centuries, do not look so fresh in fact as in this pleasant picture.

No. 222. 'Bamborough Castle, Northumberland,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. This is the view from the north, the drawing being principally a study of a rocky foreground, painted with firmness, to oppose an airy distance.

No. 224. 'On the Beach at Bonchurch,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. A sparkling trifle, pleasantly but too palpably artificial.

No. 227. 'Sunset on the Bernese Alps, as seen from Lucerne,' H. C. PIDGEON. This is always a difficult subject, and so unlike is it to everything of our own domestic scenery, as to seem in execution rather a brilliant vision than a verisimilitude of nature. This is scrupulously true in its relation to the reality.

No. 228. 'The Avenue, Evelyn Woods, Surrey,' EDMUND T. WARREN. The extremity of the avenue looking out to the open—the pith and point of the drawing being the three weird sunbeams that have alighted on the ground, and to which we apprehend much has been sacrificed. It is a careful drawing, and intended as an effort, though not perhaps so felicitous as others we have seen by the same hand.

No. 232. 'Light Cavalry Picquet Mounting—Videttes driven in, Crimea,' M. ANGELO HAYES. A spirited drawing of a party of Hussars, looking like the 8th, alarmed by the advance of the enemy in force.

No. 233. 'The Flight into Egypt,' HENRY WARREN. The scene is the banks of the Nile, with a view of the Pyramids. The Virgin, with the Infant Jesus, is mounted on the ass, and Joseph is in the act of procuring water from the river; the time is that of morning or evening twilight. The flatness and evenness of the broad tones of this drawing are laid with a perfect mastery of the material.

No. 240. 'Bold and Bashful,' EDWARD CORBOULD. "Bold" we may suppose to be the principal figure, that of a knight mounted, and wearing a suit of plate armour; and "Bashful" must be a couple of youthful maidens who have been surprised playing at horses with their little brother. Mr. Corbould shows his knowledge of the knightly equipment; but the subject is of little interest.

No. 250. 'Boppard, on the Rhine,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. The character of Rhine scenery is so unique as to be at once determinable: the distances look too far removed.

No. 254. 'Hardwick Park, and Ruins of the Old Hall,' W. BENNETT. The power of this drawing resides in the near trees, which look like oaks; but the character is not sufficiently definite. When trees are given so prominently,

there ought to be no doubt of their species. The principle of this artist, as shown in all his works, is simplicity of composition, treated with nervous firmness of handling: the result of which is always a palpable materialism that permanently impresses the mind.

No. 258. 'River Lleder, Valley of Dolwydellan, North Wales,' S. COOK. This artist may or may not be a drawing-master; if he be, he is to be congratulated that he has not fallen into the insipid amenities which too frequently distinguish practice in that branch of the profession. There are parts here which the rule of prettiness would have omitted, but they are naturally treated in their places, and therefore contribute to the identity.

No. 268. 'Part of the East Cliff, Hastings,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The subject, in reality, is composed of a warm grey sandstone; but the drawing does not describe a material of the kind, but a cliff much of the colour of chalk. The drawing is neat in execution; but this is the facile *mecanique* of the art.

No. 272. 'Happy Nutting Days,' H. WARREN. A subject in every way different from those generally treated by this painter, whose predilections are so pronouncedly oriental. In this drawing and its subject there is a character which we humbly submit would be more popular than Mr. Warren's Eastern themes.

No. 277. 'Autumn,' J. H. PIDGEON. A sylvan subject, having the merit of appearing a faithful transcript of a veritable locality.

No. 280. 'Goodrich Castle,' JAMES FAHEY. The ruined towers, which form so attractive an agroupment from the Wye, are presented in the immediate foreground. We have never before seen the ruin painted from this side, and so near. It looks like an unqualified version of the subject.

No. 295. 'Wild Flowers and Bird's Nest,' MARY MARGETTS. The leaves and flowers in this agroupment are made out with a microscopic minuteness.

No. 297. 'Palazzo Facanoni, Venice,' W. TELBIN. A canal view, setting forth a characteristic façade of Venetian architecture.

No. 298. 'The Great Pyramid after Sunset,' H. WARREN. The name of the artist is a sufficient authority for the accuracy of the view; but in this drawing the sky is green—in the 'Flight into Egypt' the sky is blue.

No. 310. 'Preparing for Blind Man's Buff,' EMILY FARMER. There is in this drawing much that is commendable. It is very careful; the daylight effect studiously—too studiously unbroken, and the colour extremely pure. The faces would have been improved by more positive markings, and the figures assisted by somewhat more of relief.

No. 312. 'The Adour, near Bagneres de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrenées,' W. WYLD. This is but a trifling sketch; something more might have been expected from such a reputation.

No. 316. 'Which hand will you have?' EMILY FARMER. Much of what has already been said in reference to No. 310 will apply here; the absence of markings in the faces is even more conspicuous than in the drawing already noticed.

No. 321. 'Gathering Mussels,' J. H. MOLE. A coast view, with figures in the best feeling of the artist.

No. 337. 'Sabbath Readings,' L. HAGHE. A family wearing the costume of the seventeenth century listening to one of their number reading the Scriptures. It is a small drawing, but so masterly in all its dispositions that we regret it is not a large one.

The number of drawings exhibited is 364, among which are examples of every class of subject; and really, in some of the small drawings, there is an earnestness of purpose which would have given importance to the subjects in a larger form.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VI.—TENBY, &C.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY HENRY FOSTER,
E. A. BROOKE, G. L. HALL, ETC.

HE Terminus of the South Wales Railway is at Milford Haven; the country through which the line passes, between Gloucester and this noble harbour, we shall describe hereafter.*

Our present purpose is to accompany the Tourist to "fair and fashionable" TENBY; one of the prettiest, pleasantest, quietest, and, in all

respects, the most attractive, of the "sea-bathing" towns that adorn the coasts of Wales and England. "Bradshaw" will inform him that, if his purpose be to visit Tenby, his "station" is Narberth Road; but if he take our advice,

in preference to that of the "mystifier," he will continue the journey until he reaches the Terminus: then, after crossing a ferry, take the coach road thence,

instead of that from Narberth—where, however, omnibuses are always in attendance, and whence he will be transported to Tenby with less trouble, than if his route be through Milford Haven. But in the one case he will traverse a lonely and unpicturesque road, finding only one object of interest—the ruins of Narberth Castle,† while in the other he will have a charming drive—a prospect all the way, such as can be found only in our island; where nature revels in abundant beauty, and where he will encounter at every road-turn some glorious relic of a renowned past. This we shall describe in due course. The tourist, *en route* to Tenby, we repeat, will do well to proceed to Milford Haven. He arrives at a comfortable Hotel, close to the station, recently built by the South Wales Company, where he may rest an hour, a day, or longer, as he pleases, visiting many attractions, and crossing the Haven, in a steam ferry-boat, to examine the dockyards, or to procure—there and thence—either a private or the public conveyance to Tenby. The journey is not more costly, nor is the distance he has to travel increased after leaving the railroad; although, by railway, it is added to by about twenty miles; that is nothing; for he passes through a fine and richly cultivated district, having the Haven on his left, and many interesting objects continually in view.

We may suppose the tourist to be adopting this course. He has reached the terminus on a summer evening, in ample time to arrive at Tenby before the sun goes down, or, at all events, while the pleasant light between noon and evening is adding its charms to the landscape; or we shall rather consider him as resting a night in the neat Hotel we have referred to, in order that a morning or a day may be spent in examining the several objects of interest within reach.‡

* The terminus at Milford Haven is that at which travellers by this line embark for Ireland. There is no railway in the kingdom better conducted than that of the "South Wales;" to those who visit the south of Ireland, it presents peculiar advantages; if the journey be longer by sea, it is shorter by land; but, in reality, although the voyage to Waterford is eight hours, while that to Dublin, by Holyhead, is but four, the former will be preferred to the latter by all who have, as we have, made both. Arriving at Holyhead, the passenger is at sea a minute after he is on board; there is no time for preparations essential to those who consider a voyage, under any circumstances, a *malheur*, and he continues at sea until he touches the pier of Kingstown. If he embark at Milford Haven, he has two hours, or nearly as much, pleasant sailing along a beautiful bay; he has ample leisure for all arrangements "below," and two other hours of the eight will be passed in Waterford harbour—unrivalled, perhaps, in the kingdom for natural beauties presented to the voyager. Moreover, the steamboats are of large size, with every possible convenience; they are under the care of Captain Jackson, so long and so pleasantly known as the superintendent of packets from London to Antwerp; they are entered direct from the terminus, and at Waterford passengers are landed on the quay at all times of tide. The journeys from Waterford, to Limerick, Clare, Cork, Galway, and Killarney, as well, indeed, as those which lead north, to Dublin, are full of interest and beauty; these journeys we have very fully described in our work, "A Week at Killarney," to which we may be permitted to refer the reader who is contemplating a visit to the South of Ireland and the far-famed and ever lovely "Lakes."

† If this road be taken, the tourist will rest awhile at Narberth, to examine the old church and the ancient castle. The castle is a ruin, of no great extent, built on the site of a fortalice much older; the broken walls overhang the road, to call up associations with an age when "Pryll Pendevig, Prince of Dyved, set out from his palace, at Arberth, to hunt in the vale of Cych."

‡ The terminus station is at "Neyland;" the point opposite—the Ferry—is "Hobbs' Point," at Pater; the landing-places, on both sides, are well constructed. The South Wales Hotel is at Neyland, and there are several good inns at Pater.

It is a pretty ferry that which crosses the haven, and leads from the terminus to the busy and bustling town of PATER—principally known by its recently acquired name, PEMBROKE DOCK. It was a village not long ago, and the ruins of an old castellated mansion may still be found there; happily, superintendents of government works did not remove this relic and reminder of old times, and it looks, among barracks, storehouses, and artisans' dwellings, much as a grim and grey veteran of many battles would look in the midst of raw recruits at drill.

Before we cross, however, let us first visit Milford; it is already in decay, although no older than eighty years, for the removal of the dockyards, the formation of good quays, and especially the railway terminus, "higher up," have taken away all trade from the town; it is no longer a "packet station" as it was for half a century, and cannot compete with its younger, more active,



MILFORD HAVEN: THE TERMINUS.

and more robust successor, which Government fosters and protects. Those who sail or steam by it, on the way to Ireland, may be reminded of, if they cannot recall, the Milford of a by-gone time, when, often overcrowded by passengers waiting a fair wind "to cross," it was a scene of perpetual gaiety and amusement. Its glory has departed; its prosperity is gone. Nevertheless, it will attract the notice of sea-voyagers between the two islands; and, therefore, we have pictured it.

Milford Haven has been renowned "time out of mind;" by Shakspeare it is called the "blessed haven:" in "Cymbeline," Imogen asks—

"Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a Haven?"



PATER: THE FERRY.

and quaint old Drayton thus praises it in the "Polyolbion:"—

"So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
Noe haven hath aught good, in her that is not found."

The "lardy and spacious Harborough" has, indeed, been lauded in many ways; by historians, geographers, and poets: and, we believe, its manifest advantages will, ere long, be so fully developed, now that a railway leads to it through so interesting a district, that future writers will have to describe it in terms they borrow from the past.

Four centuries have gone by since on this shore Richmond landed; marching hence to meet "the bloody and usurping boar" on Bosworth Field, receiving "great comfort and encouragement" from many of the princes of Wales—for he was their countryman, born in the old castle

we can see from any adjacent height, and which we shall visit presently. Yet, although Milford is in many respects unrivalled as a harbour, not alone for beauty of scenery, but for safety and security in all winds and weathers, it has been strangely neglected; and even now, so ill is it fortified, that there would be small impediment in the way of any invading force desiring to land troops on the coast, and to burn and destroy the dockyard at Pater.

We cross the ferry in a *steam ferry-boat*: this accessory is but a recent introduction: it is a valuable one; for the winds blow, and the sea rolls fiercely, at times, into this harbour, and the timid may dislike even so short a passage in one of the small boats hitherto alone available for the purpose. Now, all idea of danger, or even inconvenience, at any time or tide, is removed. First, however, we may ascend either of the neighbouring heights, to obtain a magnificent prospect; or if we visit Milford Town, as no doubt many will do, we may enjoy one of the grandest, and most beautiful, sea views our islands can supply. We borrow a description from a valuable tract written by Jelinger Symons, Esq.,* and published by Mason, of Tenby, to which we refer the reader who desires further information concerning this beautiful Haven.

At PATER, we may, if we please, spend an hour pleasantly and profitably in visiting the dockyard. Our own visit must be brief. The old dockyard was at Milford; the establishment was removed "further up" in 1814; the consequence is, that an insignificant village has become a large and flourishing town, where a thousand artisans are always busy, and whence issue so many of those noble war-ships that are, as they ever have been, and ever will be, the "wooden walls" of our Islands.

We are now in PEMBROKESHIRE. The county is bounded



THE FLEMISH CHIMNEY.

by St. George's Channel and the Bristol Channel, on the north, west, and south, and on the east by the shires Cardigan and Carmarthen. The county of Pembroke is, according to an old historian, "partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh;"† a colony of Flemings being there planted, of whom a circum-

* "Standing at the point of the east Blockhouse you enjoy one of those magnificent scenes of which one carries the image through life. The blockhouse is built on the bluff summit of a rocky cliff. Immediately before you lies the splendid mouth of this gigantic harbour, with the bold promontory of Dale, now being fortified, and St. Ann's lighthouses immediately opposite. To the right the view extends over the whole area facing the entrance of the haven before it turns eastward, and comprises an extent of some fourteen or fifteen square miles. Further to the right hand, and just within the entrance, stands Thorn Island, a towering and isolated rock, now for the first time fortified. To the left is Sheep Island, which forms a bold feature at the eastern extremity of the same rock-bound coast. Seaward looms the Atlantic, and the broad expanse of ocean, east and westward, formed by the confluence of St. George's and the Bristol Channels. Few sea views ever impressed me more intensely with depth, magnitude, beauty, and repose. May its last attribute soon pass away, and the fleets of the civilized world give life and animation to this glorious gift of nature!"

† "The superior skill of the Anglo-Norman knights who were engaged in constant incursions on the Welsh frontier, and who were frequently detaching from it large portions, which they fortified with castles, thus making good what they had won, was avenged, indeed, but not compensated, by the furious incursions of the British, who, like the billows of a retiring tide, rolled on successively, with noise, fury, and devastation, but on each retreat yielded ground insensibly to their invaders."—*The Betrothed*. The portraits of Wilkin Flammeck and his fair daughter Rose, and details concerning the early Flemish settlers in England, are familiar to all readers of this novel—one of the "Tales of the Crusaders."

stantial account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton ("Polyolbion"), which describes the Flemings as emigrants, in consequence of inundations that "swamped" their land. It was during the reign of Henry I. They were "kindly received" by the king, "in respect of the alliance which he had with their earl, Baldwin Earl of Flanders," and settled chiefly in Northumberland; where, however, they were found so unruly that "King Henry was under the necessity of driving them into Wales." Other historians assert that it was by persuasion, and not compulsion, they became "settlers" among the Welsh; the Anglo-Normans finding them brave and valuable allies, while their habits of thrift and industry made them useful examples, as well as auxiliaries, to the conquerors. The second Henry gave them direct



MILFORD TOWN.

encouragement, and considerably augmented their numbers, recommending them to his knights as ready and powerful partizans, the more to be trusted because so thoroughly isolated in the midst of merciless enemies, against whom they were perpetually compelled to keep watch and ward. Of their domestic architecture—strong houses, easily and readily fortified against bands of marauders—there exist picturesque remains in many parts of the country, the massive chimneys being those that have best withstood the assaults of time. It is by no means certain, however, that these ruins are what tradition affirms them to be—remains of *Flemish* architecture. Some architects and archaeologists have recently promulgated opinions that they are of a date much later; that no structures resembling them exist in Flanders, and that they were probably erected by the Welsh, who borrowed their character from Brittany.



PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.

Pembroke county is "the extreme point of South Wales." With the exception of a small tract towards the north, this is the most level part of the principality, and "seems to bear a resemblance to the general face of English country, as close as the affinity of its inhabitants to the English people, so that it has been called "Little England beyond Wales."*

* Maikin, writing of South Wales, so recently as 1804, states that "so different were the manners, Arts, and agriculture of the two people, that they have scarcely made an advance towards assimilation in the space of seven hundred years. It has happened that men from the same parish have been on a jury together without a common language in which to confer." This evil has greatly diminished, but has not entirely ceased. It is still easy to distinguish the one from the other, and there yet remain districts in which little or no English is spoken. Indeed, we are informed by a correspondent, THOMAS PURNELL, Esq., of Tenby, to whom we are indebted for much assistance, and many valuable suggestions, that, "in the upper portion of the country, the people cannot speak English, while in the southern hundreds, they do not understand Welsh."

We are now on the high road to Tenby; conveyances are sufficiently numerous, and there are omnibuses that meet all the London trains. We may choose either of two routes: that which leads by Carew Castle, or that which passes through Pembroke town. We select the latter; a visit to the former will be one of our excursions from Tenby. We ascend a steep, and obtain a fine view of the opposite shore, soon arriving in sight of PEMBROKE CASTLE. This magnificent fortress occupies a bold rocky eminence that projects into an arm of Milford Haven; for more than eight centuries it has been renowned, not only as the seat of the famous earldom "to which it gave name," but as of historic interest, from the time of the Conquest to the wars of the King and the Parliament.

Its appearance is "inexpressibly grand," surmounting a rock, out of which it seems to grow, so that it is "hard to define the exact boundaries of Art and Nature." It is, indeed, a wonderful group; and, considered in connection with the remains of a priory, on an opposite hill, and which, seen from a distance, seems part of the stupendous structure, there is, perhaps, no object in Great Britain so striking, or so exciting as a reminder of ancient days. A description of its details, and especially an abstract of its history, would demand larger space than can be afforded in these pages. The guide, a kindly and intelligent woman, will point the visitor's attention to the "Wogan," a "mervellous" cavern, underneath the castle, of which tradition and superstition have tales to tell; to the chamber, or rather the relics of it, in which Henry VII. was born;* and, above all, to the noble round tower, the Keep, in which a small army defied all the resources of the Commonwealth, kept the Lord Protector at bay, and yielded only when a traitor enabled the besiegers "to cut off the supply of water."† It is a day's work, and a pleasant work it will be, to examine these ruins; for although decay is now arrested, and the courtyard is a smooth green sward, there is ample to stir the fancy into peopling it in its strength, restoring its prodigious bulwarks, its inner and outer wards, its towers, gateways, barbicans, bastions, and embattled walls,‡ and greeting its successive lords, from that Arnulf de Montgomery to whom the son of the Conqueror gave the land, to those descendants of the Herberts who, to-day, keep the title and the name inherited from a race of men famous and illustrious in war and in peace.§

Our road lies through Pembroke town; of antiquities it has none after we pass the bold entrance to the castle; it consists mainly of one long street, and there is nothing to detain the Tourist until he arrives at a village, on the outskirts of which, along the banks of a small river, are the ruins of LAMPHEY PALACE.¶ Here the bishops of St. David's had their "country seat." Whether "built by Bishop Gower," or at an earlier or later period, no doubt many prelates contributed to augment its graces, internal and external, and its interest is enhanced as having been some time the residence of "the unfortunate Earl of Essex." The ruin retains evidence of much architectural beauty, affording, by its calm and quiet character, its

site in a pleasant dell, and the absence of all offensive and defensive remains, a strong contrast to the castle we have just left, and the castle we are approaching. Lamphey is distant but eight miles from Tenby; visitors to this attractive spot are, therefore, numerous; and there are few



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

places in the kingdom so productive of recompence to those who either walk or ride thither. The ruins are entered over a pretty bridge that crosses the streamlet, and a modern mansion and grounds adjoin them; the owner who, we presume, also owns these venerable walls, freely permits



LAMPHEY PALACE.

access to all comers. The neighbouring church will claim a visit, although, neither within nor without, does it contain much that need delay the Tourist. He pursues his onward route, along a ridge of high land, and soon arrives in sight of the majestic ruins of Manorbier.

* The chamber is now a ruin. When Leland visited the place, it must have been in a very different condition. He writes: "In the utter ward I saw the chamber where Henry the 7th was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymney is now made with arms and badges of the King." The "chymney" is still there, but the arms and badges were probably destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell.

† The three leaders—Laugharne, Powel, and Poyer—were expressly excepted from mercy. They were sentenced to death; but the Parliament having resolved to punish only one, three papers were placed before them; on two were written the words, "Life given of God," one was blank. A child drew the lots; the blank fell to Poyer: it was his death-warrant.

‡ The keep is computed at seventy feet in height, the interior diameter at twenty-four feet, and the walls are from fourteen to seventeen feet in thickness. One of the many accomplished archaeologists of Wales (E. A. Freeman, Esq., in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*), thus describes the stately and venerable pile:—"It remarkably combines elevation and massiveness, so that its effect is one of vast general bulk. It is another conspicuous instance of the majesty often accruing to dismantled buildings, which they could never have possessed when in a perfect state."

§ The records of the several lords of this fortress are fertile of interest akin to romance. That of Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman invader of Ireland, is well known. A story, even more romantic than his, is told of his predecessor, Gerald, who in 1108 was the King's Lieutenant in Pembroke. He had a beautiful wife, whom a Welsh chieftain, Owen, the son of Cadwgan ap Ithelin, coveted. At midnight this profligate, aided by youths as unprincipled as himself, obtained entrance into the castle, and carried the lady off, her lord narrowly escaping with life. Such was the lawless state of the times and the condition of the country, that during eight tedious years, Gerald vainly sought to regain his treasure—the lady as earnestly desiring to rejoin her lord—and to be revenged on his base and perfidious enemy. The day of reckoning, however, came at length: the betrayer was, after long and patient waiting, but always with the one purpose steadily in view, slain by the betrayed.

¶ The real name was undoubtedly Llanfyllid—the Welsh for *Fanum sanctæ Fidei Virginis*—dedicated to St. Faith.—"The first instrument I have seen dated from this place is one of Bishop Richard de Carew, A.D. 1259; and from that time the occasional residence of almost all the bishops there in succession may be traced, particularly of Gower, Adam Horton, and Vaughan. To Gower principally may be ascribed its grandeur and extent."—FESTON.

Midway between Pembroke and Tenby (about two miles off the high road) is MANORBEER, or Maenor Byrr, "so called from its being the manor of the lords, or the mansion or manor of Byrr." Its situation is charming; "standing between two little hillocks," the rocky bases of which repel the fury of an ever boisterous sea, "with its sheltered green park on one hand, a bare hill, with the slender tower of the old Norman church on the other, and the whole mass suspended over the sea-beach, that takes its angle and curve from the protruding rocks, the scene presents a combination of features that never fail to impress the stranger with mingled sentiments of picturesque beauty, solitude, and desolation." Its ponderous gateways, massive towers, high embattled walls, and extensive outworks, yet exist to establish its rank among Norman structures of the first class, built while the Baron was the mark of many enemies, in ages when "might was right," and power appertained to strength only. Although the interior is a ruin, much remains to indicate its former splendour. Visitors will wander with awe, yet pleasure, through the courtyards and vestibules, nay, into the dungeons, of this stronghold of many fierce chieftains, so long the terror of "down-trodden Wales."

Manorbeer, however, has another interest; it was here the historian, Giraldus Cambrensis,† was born, about the year 1146. He dearly loved the place of his nativity, styling it, with pardonable pride, "Maenorpyr, the Paradise of all Wales."

Within a short distance of the castle may be seen a curious and interesting Druidic remnant—a CROMLEACH, of which so many examples exist in various parts of the country.‡



THE CROMLEACH.

The tourist will visit the Church, a very aged edifice, beautifully situate on a high slope that overlooks the sea; it is of Norman origin. Near it is another interesting structure—a chantry, or collegiate building, erected, probably, by a De Barri, who, in 1092, was one of the twelve knights of Fitz-Hamon, among whom this district, plundered

• A visit to this castle, within four miles of Tenby, supplies one of the leading delights presented by that charming sea-town. Picnic parties are met here almost daily during the summer, and "helps" are afforded them by "care-takers" of the ruin.

† Giraldus de Barri, commonly known by his patronymic of "Cambrensis," was descended on the maternal side from Rhys ap Tewdwr (or Theodor), Prince of South Wales. His uncle was Bishop of St. David's, and his early education was there received. After a prolonged tour on the Continent, he took orders, and was presented with the archdeaconry of St. David's. On his uncle's death the chapter selected Giraldus as his successor, but the king, Henry I., refused to ratify their choice, fearing danger to his power from the abilities and influence of a man so closely allied with the native aristocracy of a country which England held by a very questionable tenure. His literary reputation rests mainly on his book—"The Itinerary of Bishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. MCXXXVIII," having accompanied that eminent prelate as his secretary and adviser through Wales, to "preach the crusade," he gathered information, and the result was a far more valuable legacy to posterity than all the gains obtained in the Holy Land. The first edition of this Itinerary was printed in 1583; it was translated and edited, with copious notes, illustrative and explanatory, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in 1806. Giraldus died at St. David's in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church. Sir Richard Colt Hoare thus sums up his character:—"Noble in his birth and comely in his person, mild in his manners and affable in his conversation, zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the church, moral in his character and orthodox in his principles, charitable and disinterested, though ambitious, learned, though superstitious." When young he was tall, well-formed, and so remarkably handsome, that one day, being seated near the bishop, a Cistercian abbot, who sat on the other side, having eyed him for some time, exclaimed, "Do you think it possible so beautiful a youth can ever die?"

‡ Those who have visited Ireland, or are familiar with the views of Irish archaeologists, will be content to attribute these singular remains to the Druids, considering them as altars of sacrifice. They abound in Ireland, and are not uncommon in Wales; their origin is, undoubtedly, very remote; we do not here notice the several controversies concerning them. That they long preceded the introduction of Christianity into our islands is certain, and it may be sufficiently safe to consider these huge masses of stone—always untouched by tool, and invariably placed one above another, as in our engraving—

"The work of Druid hands of old."

from the Welsh princes, was divided. The chantry is now a parish school; it was pleasant to see there so many earnest and healthy faces under a roof that was new eight hundred years ago, and is still vigorous, as well as useful, in age.

Having left this deeply interesting place, after long "musings" over terrible times, we are on the highway again, pacing along "THE RIDGEWAY"—for so the road is called that leads from Pembroke to Tenby. How full it is of intense delights! Is the tourist a lover of nature? Let him search into any one of those hedges, and what a bouquet of wild flowers he may collect! He listens to the songs of birds that issue from every bush and tree; while the gayest of gay butterflies roam all about. A delicious air comes from distant hills, mingling with sea-breezes. Health is here: strong winds upon heights for the robust; mild zephyrs in sheltered dells for those who are delicate; the spirits are raised; the mind and the soul expand. It becomes an instinct, as it



MANORBEER CASTLE: INTERIOR.

were, to laud and thank the Creator. And what a view! Look landward across that lovely valley, dotted with farm-houses,—villages here and there, marked by church towers above surrounding trees,—the well-cultivated land, green with the promise of spring, or brown with its fulfilment in autumn,—rich meadows or fertile fields. Look beyond all these, and see the mountains, the highest in South Wales, productive almost to their summits. Or turn your gaze seaward—what a line of coast!—iron-bound!—huge cliffs against which the Atlantic dashes; graceful creeks, where there is scarce a ripple; white sails that seem aerial specks; islands, large and little, where men inhabit or sheep feed; rocks, peopled literally by millions of sea-birds; while dimly, and afar off, is seen the English coast—mild and beautiful Devonshire. Every now



MANORBEER CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

and then the eye falls upon some ancient ruin, such as that we have described—Pembroke, Manorbeer, Carew, and others are here; any one of which might seem to justify the often-quoted words of the great lexicographer, splenetic though they be, that all the castles of Scotland might be crammed into the court-yard of one in Wales.

Those who have walked or ridden along "the Ridgeway," from Pembroke to Tenby, will have enjoyed a luxury "past telling;" language cannot do it justice: it can be little aided by Art; we believe neither in Wales nor in England can there be found a scene that combines so much of interest with so much of beauty.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 5.—THE MOSAIC RUG-WORK OF THE MESSRS. CROSSLEY, OF HALIFAX.

WHEN, with his advancing intelligence, man began to construct ornamental articles to decorate his dwelling, or to adorn his person, we find him taking natural productions, chiefly from the mineral kingdom, and combining them in such a manner as may afford, by their contrasts of colour, the most pleasing effects. From this arose the art of mosaic, which appears, in the first instance, to have been applied only to the combination of dice-shaped stones (*lessera*) in patterns. This was the *opus musivum* of the Romans; improving upon which we have the Italians introducing the more elaborate and artistic *pietra dura*, now commonly known as Florentine-work. It is not our purpose to treat of any of the ancient forms of mosaic-work, further than it is necessary to illustrate the subject before us. The *opus tessellatum* consisted of small cubes of marble, worked by hand into simple geometrical figures. The *opus sectile* was formed of different crusts or slices of marble, of which figures and ornaments were made. The *opus vermiculatum* was of a far higher order than these: by the employment of differently-coloured marbles, and,—where great brilliancy of tint was required,—by the aid of gems, the artists produced imitations of figures, ornaments, and pictures, the whole object being portrayed in all its true colours and shades.

The advance from the *opus vermiculatum* to the fine mosaic-work, which had its origin in Rome, and is, therefore, especially termed Roman mosaic, was easy; and we find this delicate manufacture arising to a high degree of excellence in the city where it originated, and to which it has been almost entirely confined, Venice being the only city which has attempted to compete with Rome. To this Art-manufacture we more especially direct attention, since a description of it will aid us in rendering intelligible the most interesting and peculiarly novel manufacture of mosaic rug-work, as practised by the Messrs. Crossley. Roman, and also Venetian enamels, are made of small rods of glass, called indiscriminately *paste* and *smalt*. In the first place cakes of glass are manufactured in every variety of colour and shade that are likely to be required. These cakes are drawn out into rods more or less attenuated, as they are intended to be used for finer or for coarser works, a great number being actually threads of glass. These rods and threads are kept in bundles, and arranged in sets corresponding to their colours, each division of a set presenting every desired shade. A piece of dark slate or marble is prepared, by being hollowed out like a box, and this is filled with plaster of Paris. Upon this plaster the pattern is drawn by the artist, and the *mosaicisti* proceeds with his work by removing small squares of the plaster, and filling in these with pieces cut from the rods of glass. Gradually, in this manner, all the plaster is removed, and a picture is formed by the ends of the filaments of coloured glass; these are carefully cemented together by a kind of mastic, and polished. In this way is produced, not only those exquisitely delicate mosaics which were, at one time, very fashionable for ladies' brooches, but tolerably large, and often highly artistic pictures. Many of our readers will remember the mosaic landscapes which rendered the Italian Court of the Great Exhibition so attractive; and in the Museum of Practical Geology will be found a portrait of the late Emperor of Russia, which is a remarkably good illustration of mosaic-work on a large scale. We may remark, in passing, that the whole process of glass mosaic

is well illustrated in the Museum in Jermyn Street.

The next variety of mosaic-work to which we will direct attention is the manufacture of Tunbridge, which resembles still more closely the mosaic in wool. The Tunbridge-ware is formed of rods of wood, varying in colour, laid one upon the other, and cemented together, so that the pattern, as with the glass mosaics, is produced by the ends of the rods.

There will be no difficulty in understanding how a block of wood, which has been constructed of hundreds of lengths of coloured specimens, will, if cut transversely, produce a great number of repetitions of the original design. Suppose, when we look at the transverse section presented by the end of a Tunbridge-ware block, we see a very accurately formed geometric pattern; this is rendered perfectly smooth, and a slab of wood is glued to it. When the adhesion is secure, as in a piece of veneering for ordinary cabinet-work, a very thin slice is cut off by means of a circular saw, and then we have the pattern presented to us in a state which admits of its being fashioned into any article which may be desired by the cabinet-maker. In this way, from one block a very large number of slices can be cut off, every one of them presenting exactly the same design. If lengths of worsted are substituted for those of glass or of wood, it will be evident that the result will be in many respects similar. By a process of this kind the mosaic rugs—with very remarkable copies from the works of some of our best artists—are produced, and we proceed at once to a description of this Art-manufacture.

The tapestries of France have been long celebrated for the artistic excellence of the designs, and for the brilliancy and permanence of the colours. These originated in France, about the time of Henry IV., and the manufacture was much patronised by that monarch and his minister Sully. Louis XIV. and Colbert, however, were the great patrons of these beautiful productions of the loom. The minister of Louis bought from the Brothers Gobelins their manufactory, and transformed it into a royal establishment, under the title of *Le Teinturier Parfait*. A work was published in 1746, in which it was seriously stated that the dyes of the Gobelins had acquired such superiority, that their contemporaries attributed the talent of these celebrated artists to a paction which one or the other of them had made with the devil.

In the Gobelins and Beauvais Tapestry we have examples of the most artistic productions, executed with a mechanical skill of the highest order, when we consider the material in which the work is executed. The method of manufacture involving artistic power on the part of the workman, great manipulatory skill, and the expenditure of much time, necessarily removes those productions from the reach of any but the wealthy. Various attempts have been made, from time to time, to produce a textile fabric which should equal those tapestries in beauty, and which should be sold to the public at much lower prices. None of those appear to have been successful, until the increasing applications of Indian-rubber pointed to a plan by which high artistic excellence might be combined with moderate cost. In Berlin, and subsequently in Paris, plans—in most respects similar to the plan we are about to describe—were tried, but in neither instance with complete success. Of course, there cannot now be many of our readers who have not been attracted by the very life-like representations of lions and dogs which have for the last few years been exhibited in the carpet warehouses of the metropolis, and other large cities. While we admit the perfection of the manufacture, we are compelled to remark that the

designs which have been chosen are not such as appear to us to be quite appropriate, when we consider the purposes for which a rug is intended. Doubtless from their very attractive character, and moderate cost, those rugs find a large number of purchasers, by whom they are greatly admired.

With these remarks we proceed to a description of the manufacture, every detail of which was shown and described to us with the utmost care, by the direction of the proprietors of this princely establishment, when a few weeks since we visited Halifax.

Every lady who has devoted herself for a season—when it was the fashion to do so—to Berlin wool-work, will appreciate the importance of a careful arrangement of all the coloured worsteds which are to be used in the composition of her design. Here, where many hundreds of colours, combinations of colours, and shades, are required, in great quantities and in long lengths, the utmost order is necessary; and the system adopted in this establishment is in this respect excellent. We have, for example, grouped under each of the primary colours, all the tints of each respective colour that the dyer can produce, and between each large division the mixtures of colour producing the neutral tones, and the interblending shades which may be required to copy the artist with fidelity. Skeins of worsted thus arranged are ever ready for the English *mosaicisti* in rug-work.

Such is the material. Now to describe the manner of proceeding. In the first place an artist is employed to copy, of the exact size required for the rug, a work of Landseer's, or any other master, which may be selected for the purpose. Although the process of copying is in this case mechanical, considerable skill is required to produce the desired result. This will be familiar to all who have observed the peculiar characteristics of the Berlin wool-work patterns. The picture being completed, it is ruled over in squares, each of about twelve inches. These are again interruled with smaller squares, which correspond with the threads of which the finished work is to consist. This original being completed, it is copied upon lined paper by girls who are trained to the work, each girl having a square of about twelve inches to work on. These are the copies which go into the manufactory. A square is given to a young woman whose duty is to match all the colours in wool. This is a task of great delicacy, requiring a very fine appreciation of colour. It becomes necessary in many cases to combine two threads of wool, especially to produce the neutral tints. It is very interesting to observe the care with which every variety of colour is matched. The skeins of worsted are taken, and a knot or knob being formed, so as to increase the quantity of coloured surface, it is brought down on the coloured picture; and, when the right shades have been selected, they are numbered, and a corresponding system of numbers are put on the pattern. In many of the rugs one hundred colours are employed. The selector of colours works under the guidance of a master, who was in this case a German gentleman, and to his obliging and painstaking kindness we are much indebted. Without his very exact description of every stage of the process, it would not have been easy to have rendered this rare mosaic-work intelligible to our readers. When all the coloured wools have been selected, they are handed, with the patterns, to other young women, who are termed the "mistresses of a frame," each of whom has under her charge three little girls.

The "frame" consists of three iron stands, the two extreme ones being about 200 inches apart, and the other exactly in the middle. These stands are made of stout cast iron, and

may be said to consist of two bowed legs, with two cross pieces of iron, one at the top of the legs, and the other about fifteen inches below, the space between them being that which is to be occupied by the threads of wool which are to form the required square block of wool. These frames are united together by means of cast iron tubes, running from end to end. The observer is struck with the degree of strength which has been given to these frames. It appears that, for the purpose of merely holding together a few threads of wool, a much slighter frame might have been employed; and we certainly were surprised when we were informed that, at first, many frames were broken, and that they were compelled to have the stronger ones at present in use. The cause of this will be obvious, when we have proceeded a little further with our description. At one end of these frames sits the "mistress," with a stand before her, on which the pattern allotted to her is placed, and a vertical frame, over which the long coloured worsteds are arranged. By the side of this young woman sits a little girl, who receives each worsted from the mistress, and hands it to one of two children, who are on either side of the frame.

Commencing at one corner of the pattern, a thread is selected of the required colour, and handed to the first girl, who passes it to the second, whose duty is to fasten it to a stiff, but slight bar of steel, about half an inch in width, which passes from the upper to the under bar of the frame. The third girl receives the thread, and carries it to the lower end of the frame, and fastens it to a similar bar of steel at that end. The length of each thread of worsted is rather more than 200 inches. It is well known that twisted wool does not lie quite straight, without some force is applied to it; and of course the finished pattern would be incomplete, if all the threads did not observe the truest parallelism to each other. To effect this, a stretching force equal to four pounds is required to every thread. The child who carries the thread, therefore, pulls the worsted with this degree of force, and fastens it over the steel bar. Every block, forming a foot square of rug-work, consists of fifty thousand threads; therefore, since every thread pulls upon the frame with a force equal to four pounds, there is a direct strain to the extent of 250,000 pounds upon the frame. When this is known, our surprise is no longer excited at the strength of the iron-work; indeed, the bars of hardened steel, *set edgewise*, were evidently bent by the force exerted.

Thread after thread, in this way, the work proceeds, every tenth thread being marked, by having a piece of white thread tied to it. By this means, if the foreman, when he examines the work, finds that an error has been committed, he is enabled to have it corrected, by removing only a few of the threads, instead of a great number, which would have been the case, if the system of marking had not been adopted.

This work, requiring much care, does not proceed with much rapidity, and the constant repetition of all the same motions through a long period would become exceedingly monotonous, especially as talking cannot be allowed, because the attention would be withdrawn from the task in hand. Singing has therefore been encouraged, and it is exceedingly pleasing to see so many young, happy, and healthy faces, performing a clean and easy task, in unison with some song, in which they all take a part. Harmonious arrangements of colour are produced, under the cheerful influence of harmonious sounds. Yorkshire has long been celebrated for its choristers, and some of the voices which we heard in the room devoted to the construction of the wool-mosaics bore

evidence of this natural gift, and of a considerable degree of cultivation.

The "block," as it is called, is eventually completed. This, as we have already stated, is about a foot square, and it is 200 inches long. Being bound, so as to prevent the disturbance of any of the threads, the block is cut by means of a very sharp knife into ten parts, so that each division will have a depth of about 20 inches. Hearth-rugs are ordinarily about seven feet long, by about three feet wide, often, however, varying from these dimensions. Supposing, however, this to represent the usual size, twelve blocks, from as many different frames, are placed in a box, with the threads in a vertical position, so that, looking down upon the ends, we see the pattern. These threads are merely sustained in their vertical order by their juxtaposition. Each box, therefore, will contain 800,000 threads. The rug is now, so far as the construction of the pattern is concerned, complete. The boxes into which the rugs are placed are fixed on wheels, and they have movable bottoms, the object of which will be presently understood. From the upper part of the immense building devoted to carpet manufacture, in which this mosaic rug-work is carried on, we descend with our rug to the basement story. Here we find, in the first place, steam chests, in which India-rubber is dissolved to form a gelatinous mass, in appearance like carpenter's glue.

In an adjoining room were numerous boxes, each one containing the rug-work in some of the stages of manufacture. It must now be remembered that each box represents a completed rug—the upper ends of the threads being shaved off, to present as smooth a surface as possible. In every stage of the process now, all damp must be avoided, and wool, like all other porous bodies, has a tendency to absorb, and retain, moisture from the atmosphere. The boxes, therefore, are placed in heated chambers, and they remain there until all moisture is dispelled; when this is effected, a layer of India-rubber solution is laid over the surface, care being taken, in the application, that every thread receives the proper quantity of the caoutchouc; this is dried in the warm chamber, and a second and a third coat is given to the fibres. While the last coat is being kept in the warm chamber, free from all dust, sufficiently long to dissipate some of the solvent, the surface on which the rug is to be placed receives similar treatment. In some cases ordinary carpet canvas only is employed; in others, a rug made by weaving in the usual manner is employed, so that either side of the rug can be turned up, as may be desired in the room in which it is placed. However this may be, both surfaces are properly covered with soft caoutchouc, and the "backing" is carefully placed on the ends of worsted forming the rug in the box. By a scraping motion, the object of which is to remove all air-bubbles, the union is perfectly effected; it is then placed aside for some little time, to secure, by rest, that absolute union of parts, between the two India-rubber surfaces, which is necessary. The separation of the two parts is, after this, attended with the utmost difficulty; the worsted may be broken by a forcible pull, but it cannot be removed from the India-rubber. The next operation is that of cutting off the rug, for this purpose a very admirable, but a somewhat formidable, machine is required. It is, in principle, a circular knife, of about twelve feet diameter, mounted horizontally, which is driven, by steam-power, at the rate of 170 revolutions in a minute.

The rug in its box is brought to the required distance above the edge of the box, by screwing up the bottom. The box is then placed on a rail, and connected with a

tolerably fine endless screw. The machine being in motion, the box is carried, by the screw, under the knife, and, by the rapid circular motion, the knife having a razor-like edge, a very clean cut is effected. As soon as the rug is cut off, to the extent of a few inches, it is fastened by hooks to strings which wind over cylinders, and thus raise the rug as regularly as it is cut. This goes on until the entire rug is cut off to the thickness of three sixteenths of an inch. The other portion in the box is now ready to receive another coating, and the application of another surface, to form a second rug, and so on, until about one thousand rugs are cut from the block prepared as we have described.

We hope the account which we have given of this singular manufacture has been intelligible. Having seen the entire process, under the guidance of most intelligent gentlemen, who were obligingly directed by the Messrs. Crossley to describe everything to us, the whole appeared particularly simple; when, however, we attempted to convey in words the details of this wool mosaic, we began to feel many difficulties. Hoping, however, that we have sufficiently described the operation, we have only to remark, in conclusion, that the rugs being subjected to careful examination, and being trimmed round the edges, by young women, are ready for the market.

The establishment of the Messrs. Crossley, which gives employment to four thousand people, is one of those vast manufactories of which England may proudly boast, as examples of the industry and skill of her sons. Here we have steam-engines urging, by their gigantic throes, thousands of spindles, and hundreds of shuttles, and yet, notwithstanding the human labour which has been saved, there is room for the exertion of four thousand people. The manner in which this great mass of men, women, and children is treated, is marked in all the arrangements for their comfort, not merely in the great workshop itself, but in every division of that hill-encompassed town, Halifax. Church, schools, and park proclaim the high and liberal character of those great carpet manufacturers, one division, and that a small one, of whose works we have described.

ROBERT HUNT.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

A Memory.

THE great literary link between the past and present is broken; the most remarkable woman of the present century, who was an author at its commencement, has been taken, at an age so advanced, that the stated "seventy-six" seem to those who knew her, very far short of the years Lady Morgan had numbered. Her playful verses recently written and printed, are evidence that she had no intention to betray what has been called a "woman's greatest secret;" the exact date of her birth can only be guessed at, for, during the last century, "registers" in Ireland were, if kept at all, singularly imperfect. Lady Morgan and Lady Clarke (the latter has been dead some years) were the daughters of Mr. Owen, an Irish actor, respected by all who knew him, and gifted with considerable musical, as well as dramatic talent; much of both was inherited by his daughters. Lady Clarke, the younger, married young, was blessed with children, and devoted herself to the domestic, and occasionally the social, duties, which are inseparable from Irish nature. Her sister's affections and energies from early childhood, were dedicated to literature; she wrote songs and tales before she was fourteen; but Miss Owen's first grand coup was "The Wild Irish Girl;" it created a *furor* about the years 1803-4, which it would be easier to imagine than describe—"rushing" through six or seven editions. The world declared

that the author and the heroine, "Glorvina," were one and the same. The bright clever girl caught the idea, and appreciated its advantage, and the salons of Dublin rang with the tones of her Irish harp, and the charm and expression she threw into the melodies of her country. Her witticisms were treasured and repeated, her songs sung and quoted, quoted and sung, everywhere; but to read, as we have just done, the most popular of them all, "Kate Kearney," is to be convinced how much they owed to the fascination and renown of their composer. All the enthusiasm of Miss Owenson's character was devoted to her country, for at that time

"The dark chain of silence
Had hung o'er it long."

There was enough, and more than enough, of injustice in its management to make the brain throb, and the blood boil, and before Maria Edgeworth reasoned, and Moore became immortal, Sydney Owenson—a young and brilliant, if not a beautiful, girl—unaided by wealth, or the "accident" of birth, unfurled the green flag of her country, and, elevating it on the staff of her genius, stood bravely forward as its champion, repelling, perhaps, with more wit than wisdom—but always repelling, attacks on her country, with the firmness and earnestness of a patriot. Miss Owenson wrote several novels before her marriage; "The Wild Irish Girl" laid the foundation of her fame, and both "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy" increased it. We have but a faint, and not a pleasant, recollection of "The Novice of St. Dominic," or of "Ida, of Athens," but the novel of "O'Donnell" is a more noble, a loftier, book than "The Wild Irish Girl;" it is, in some respects, the most successful of Lady Morgan's heroic delineations of Irish nature; all she wrote was dramatic, but all was faithful to the great object of the young girl's life—an ardent desire to show her country, as she believed it to be, nay, as it was, even at that time, oppressed, and patient until goaded beyond endurance. "O'Donnell" is a fine portrait of the chivalric Irish gentleman, compelled to seek in foreign service the position denied to his faith in his own—one of those

"Who resign'd
The green hills of their country, mid strangers to find.
The repose which at home they had sought for in vain."

But the gem of the book is the old schoolmaster: he is the prototype of Miss Edgeworth's "Thady," in her wonderful tale of "Castle Rack-rent." Gerald Griffin and the Banims, and others, caught much of their inspiration in their delineation of Irish peasant-life from the same source. We do not mean to accuse these Irish authors of plagiarism: we simply believe that Lady Morgan's delineation of that peculiar phase of Irish character was so entirely true, that though the lights and shadows may fall differently, the faithful nature in the peasant-born Irishman, or woman, is the same, and only gains variety from the perception of the writer. "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy" have a vitality of their own, quite independent of the fashion which for a time enshrined Glorvina and her harp. "Florence MacCarthy" was written some time after Sydney Owenson became the wife of Sir Charles Morgan; and there can be little doubt that the staunch and lasting popularity of this more thoughtful book was owing, not so much to Lady Morgan's increased experience, as to her husband's judicious suggestions. Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan; the faults of her youth were the faults of her age; her mind attained its majority at a very early period; she carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same desire for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on "France" and "Italy," the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so pretty, so quaint, so unlike, in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms; it sparkles as brightly in her "Autobiography" as it did in "The Book of the Boudoir."

"I am vain," she said to us, during one of those *l'été-à-téles* which always gave us something to remember; "I am vain—but I have a right to be so; look at the number of books I have written!—Have I not been ordered to leave a kingdom, and

refused to obey? Did ever woman move in a more false—or a brighter sphere—than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day, one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist, I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who of course keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock: that stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added,—"Ah, that is a long time ago, though I never refer to dates. Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and that would make a wiser woman vain. But do they not show to advantage, backed by a few yards of red cotton velvet? If ladies did but know the value of that same velvet—know how it throws up, and throws out, and turns the insignificant into the significant—we should have more effect and less upholstery in our drawing-rooms."

Certainly the arrangement of Lady Morgan's rooms in William Street was most effective; the lights and shadows were in their right places, the seats were comfortable, the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either beautiful or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but the toys are histories, and the "red velvet" made, as she said, an admirable background, harmonizing the whole. Lady Morgan was pre-eminent in *tact*, as well as *taste*: if you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she replied, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is; how do you preserve its colour?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." If we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by the mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but this placid enjoyment would be suddenly uproused by a sarcasm, just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard; it was an accident, and so was Lady Morgan's sarcasm: it had no business there, but it *was there*, and she really could not help it. She could not help "cutting;" she did it rapidly, and without a jag; it was an impulse, not an intention. She would stand up in her latter days as bravely for a friend, or against oppression, as in her youth she did for her country: her beliefs were often wrong, but she was as true as steel to them. Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared—to strangers—to be to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. She was *sans tache*, and she would have made an excellent mother. Speaking, during one of our *l'été-à-téles*, of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan,—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and, had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but *one thing to perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'this will carry me through life without dependence.' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

After such a sound bit of teaching, she would, if a *superfine* lady was announced, tack round to her small vanities, ply her fan after a new fashion, and exclaim, with such droll, pretty affectation,—"Why were you not here last night? I had two dukes, the beautiful Mrs. P. — (well, never mind the scandal, it is nearly worn out, I assure you!)—the young countess, who is so like the lady in 'Comus,' the Indian prince, who dresses the corner of a room so superbly, and is everything we could desire—*except* fragrant. I am a liberal, as you know, but

really, since the Reform Bill, have ceased to count M.P.s as gentlemen; still they *are* M.P.s; I had seven—certainly of the best men—*en route* to the division. I told you two dukes and one duchess; but the delight was a new and handsome American, a member of Congress—I daresay he exchanged his Bible for a Peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool! You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated beneath the shadow of the strawberry leaves!"

But it is impossible to transfer to our page the eloquence of her looks and movements when excited by society and conversation. A very stately and dignified lady of the pen, who frequently questioned Lady Morgan as to what she was doing, and where she got her "facts,"—a species of cross-questioning which the mercurial lady disliked exceedingly,—loomed down upon her one evening when her ladyship was very brilliant and entertaining, with a question about some "fact" in her "Italy." Twisting her large green fan, and flashing upon the fair one the full blaze of her animated eyes, she replied,—"We all imagine our facts, you know—and then happily forget them; it is to be hoped our readers do the same."

Lady Morgan's "evenings" were not more remarkable for their "fashion" than their literature; all "new men and women" brought her introductions. Old friends, who had sometime led "the world," the senate, or the bar, frequently enjoyed the fresh half hour at Lady Morgan's before joining the crush of a large party. "Milady" was always cheerful and piquant, apt at repartee, furnished with the *last on dit*, and flashing like a brilliant in sunshine; everything in those *boudoir-like* rooms was artistic, and when filled, as we have seen them, you might have imagined yourself in the presence of Madame de Genlis, feeling that, after the passing away of that small form which enshrined so much vitality, and so large and expansive a mind, the last link between us and the Aikins, the Barbauds, the D'Arblays, would be gone! We shall never see again such a graceful mingling of the parvenu and the lady of rank—the worldly and the spiritual elements—the real and the unreal—the fashionist, and the truly kind-hearted woman. When both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan wrote for a well-known periodical, they were ever ready to foster young talent; and we call to mind, with gratitude, her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have noted as poaching on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve. Lady Morgan had her quick and national appreciation of an absurdity or a weakness, and could not help having "a fling" at it; it was your neighbour's turn to-day, and might be yours to-morrow; but what matter?—she would do you a kindness, and be really glad to do it, all the same. She never put the young aspirant for celebrity aside, to pay more attention to a titled visitor. If the detractors of the poet Moore said he loved a lord, those who knew Lady Morgan say she loved lord and lady—and so she did; but the affection was reciprocal: and those who sneer at it, in nine cases out of ten, would do as much with the same opportunities.

The last time we saw "The Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room, as pretty and picturesque a ruin of old-lady-womankind as we ever looked upon; her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that we feared to see her move. We recalled to memory Maria Edgeworth, having believed her to have been the smallest great woman in the world, but Lady Morgan seemed not half her size. Yet her head looked as noble as ever; the lines of her face had deepened, but her large luminous eyes were bright and glistening, her voice was clear and firm, her manner subdued—she was not at all restless, but spoke with confidence of arranging her autobiography, of which she had sent forth a little portion as an *avant courier*. She showed us a large black trunk, which, she told us had, when she married, contained her *trousseau*—"during the happy interregnum between hoops and crinolines"—and now was filled with MS.; she spoke with affection of the dear relative "who never suffered her to feel that she was childless," of her devoted servants (and they certainly deserved her praise), and of the kindness of her friends. She gave voice to one or two little sarcasms that showed her acuteness was un-

dimmed; but the hour flew swiftly and harmoniously: we promised to come some evening soon, and rejoiced her maid by saying, that though her ladyship was changed, she looked much better than we expected. We heard, what we knew to be the case, that Lady Morgan, during her illnesses, and, indeed, always to her servants, was the most patient and gentle of mistresses. An unamiable woman could not have been beloved, as she was, by all around her. We little thought we had seen her for the last time: a few days afterwards she was seized with an attack of bronchitis, but it was not considered as fierce as that which her docility and good temper had assisted her to escape from a year ago.

Lady Morgan has been accused, with some show of reason, of deserting her country, after she received a pension for her patriotism (or partisanship): she defended herself from this charge by saying, that in Dublin her politics would have confined her to one phase of society, while here she could choose from all. Certainly she never "cottoned" to Dublin after her residence abroad; but she received her countrymen and women kindly and courteously, never questioning their religion, or their politics, for though her own opinions were fixed, her heart and mind were both large.

She is buried in the cemetery at Old Brompton, and, by her own desire, her funeral was perfectly without ostentation or display—"a hearse, and one mourning coach." For years to come, many a pilgrimage will be made to that grave.

A. M. H.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

On the 26th of April the subscribers to this society met, at the Adelphi Theatre, to receive the annual report of the council, and to witness the drawing of the prizes. Sir Charles Barry, R.A., took the chair in the absence of Lord Montagu, who has so frequently presided on these occasions. Mr. Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, read the Report, of which the following is a brief summary:—

The subscriptions for the year amount to £15,310 6s.; this sum has been thus expended:—

Expenses of printing, exhibition of prizes, local agents, salaries, and other charges, including reserve 2½ per cent.	£3,523 7 3
Cost of plate ("Life at the Sea-side"), paper, and printing	6,950 18 9
Amount to be allotted in prizes	4,706 6 0
Total	£15,310 6 0

The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £8,832. The following is the allotment of the sum set apart for prizes to be selected by the prizeholders themselves; viz:—

30 works at	£10 each.
30 "	15 "
12 "	20 "
12 "	25 "
12 "	30 "
4 "	40 "
4 "	50 "
3 "	75 "
1 "	100 "
1 "	150 "
1 "	200 "

To these are added:—

- 6 Bronzes of "Her Majesty on Horseback."
- 61 Bronze Busts of "Ajax."
- 30 Porcelain Groups of "Venus and Cupid."
- 60 Porcelain Statuettes, "The Dancing Girl Reposing."
- 10 Tazoes in Iron.
- 30 Silver Medals of Gainsborough.
- 100 Volumes of Photographs.

The prizeholders of last year purchased from the various exhibitions of the season 110 works of art, to the following amounts, viz:—

From the Royal Academy	£1,115 6 0
The National Institution of Fine Arts	627 5 0
Society of British Artists	907 0 0
British Institution	238 15 0
Royal Scottish Academy	20 0 0
Water-Colour Society	160 15 0
New Water-Colour Society	147 10 0
Royal Hibernian Academy	35 0 0
Society of Female Artists	69 0 0

From the above extracts we ascertain that the amount of this year's subscriptions exceeds those of the last year by £3,660, or nearly one-third more, an increase that is doubtless attributable to the

popularity of the print from Mr. Frith's "Life at the Sea-side." We find also that the sum now set apart for the purchase of prize-pictures is, notwithstanding the larger income of the society, less than that of last year by about £600; so that the artists of the country—we may say, the Art of the country—will reap little advantage from the more extended list of subscribers. This, most assuredly, ought not to have been the result. The council expended an enormous sum for the plate from Mr. Frith's picture, and the cost of printing so large an engraving must necessarily be large; indeed the whole is set down, as above, at something very near to £7,000, not much short of half the entire income. The council is, undoubtedly, right in securing an engraving which will attract subscribers, but it is too dearly paid for, when the only object it achieves is its own circulation. We are sadly afraid that the large body of artists accustomed to look for the sale of their works to the prize-holders of the Art-Union of London, will be disappointed at the prospect which the proceedings of the society this year hold up before them; nor, with the thunder-clouds of war rumbling in the distance, is there much to encourage their hopes of private patronage.

Of the other matters referred to in the Report, it is only needful we should notice that, for the subscribers of 1860, a volume is being prepared, containing thirty wood-engravings, by Mr. W. J. Linton, from the works of deceased British artists; for some future distribution, Mr. Willmore, A.R.A., is engraving a plate from Turner's "Italy;" and Mr. Lake Price has undertaken to produce photographs from Raffaele's "Transfiguration," Domenichino's "St. Jerome," the two great pictures in the Vatican, and from other celebrated paintings. Four vacancies in the council have been caused by death or retirement; their places have been filled by the Lord Mayor, Mr. P. Hardwick, R.A., General Derville, and Mr. Robert Bell.

As a sequel to our remarks on the day's proceedings, we may add, that the £200 prize fell to the lot of Mr. W. Dixon, of Grantham; the prize of £150 to Mr. G. Tunncliffe, Market Drayton; and that of £100 to Mr. G. Domone, Christchurch. Other prizes will find their way to New Orleans, Adelaide, Amsterdam, Philadelphia, Hobart Town, Geelong, Melbourne, Oporto, Samarang, Canada, Wellington, &c., &c.; and thus, through the agency of this society, British Art, in some phase or other, finds a home throughout the civilized world.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The bi-annual exhibition, now open in the Palace of the Champs Elysées, is the principal feature of Art-news here at the present time. A brief notice of it appears in another part of our Journal.—Next comes the exhibition of Ary Scheffer's works, which opened on the 10th of May. The collection includes ninety-five pictures, one statue, and two busts. Among the former are most of his best works; and the exhibition is, altogether, one of which the French school has just reason to be proud. Scheffer was the last of that series of great painters who threw a lustre on the Arts of France; and, from present appearances, there is no one who promises to maintain, in the same degree, its high position. We have had great pleasure in examining once more these pictures, although so many were previously well known to us. The French Government has purchased his last works—"Our Saviour tempted by Satan," "St. Monica and St. Augustine," making, with the "Weeper" and the "Suliot Women," four which the Government has in the Louvre. Of these the "Temptation of Christ" is the largest and most important.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—A Fine Art Exhibition was opened early this year at Cape Town, and prizes were awarded for works exhibited: of these prizes several passed into the hands of ladies. A prize for architecture was given to Mr. W. Cairncross, Jun., for the best original design for a villa.

GENOA.—An interesting experiment has been tried with success on a series of mural fresco paintings, by Ottavio Semini and Luca Cambiaso; at Genoa; the pictures have been taken off the walls and transferred to cloth by the method described by Lanzi: the subjects are principally relating to Scipio Africanus, and the siege of Troy.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE HERDSMAN.

N. Berghem, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.

WHAT a numerous and brilliant constellation of great painters irradiated the Low Countries during the seventeenth century! While Art in Italy hasted to its setting, illumined only by a few glorious stars which continued in the horizon and served to rescue the land from dim obscurity by shedding upon it a beautiful twilight, Holland and Flanders were rejoicing in the full splendour of their Art-luminaries, and sending forth men to uphold the supremacy of painting. Rubens—the most versatile and prolific artist of his own or of any other time, and one of the greatest colourists—adorned churches with sacred pictures, convents with legendary subjects, civic halls and mansions with history, bacchanalian scenes, episodes of everyday life, landscapes, and portraits; Rembrandt—grand, gloomy, vigorous, and imaginative—followed almost in the same circle; Vandyck, though best known by his brilliant portraits, was great also in subjects of sacred and mythological character; Jordaens; the pupil and able assistant of Rubens, proved himself in some of his historical pictures no unworthy disciple of the princely painter; Teniers, Jan Steen, and the two Ostades, attended village fairs, merry-making, alehouses, "taking notes" of cottage doors as they passed along the road, and leaving us immortal records on canvas of such scenes; Terburg, Mieris, Metz, and Gerard Douw, derived their inspirations, generally, from a higher grade of society; moving about among the aristocracy and wealthy Dutch burghers, whose conversational and musical parties, lovers' tête-à-têtes, and portraits,—gems of portraits, too, these are,—they delineated with scrupulous fidelity, delicacy of manipulation, and beauty of colouring: some of these artists found subjects deemed worthy of their pencils in the frequenter of vegetable and fish stalls. Ruysdael, Both, Everdingen, Hobbema, and Wynants, lingered on the outskirts of forests, and before mountain cataracts, choosing the quiet solitudes of nature, with sparkling brooks falling over broken rocks; Cuyt, Paul Potter, Berghem, and Adrian Van der Velde, were the companions of shepherds and herdsmen in luxuriant pastures; and as they drove their flocks and herds from place to place; William Van der Velde—father and son—and Backhuysen were seen among those who "do business in great waters"—storms at sea, and ships riding quietly at anchor, and fleets engaged in deadly fight, were the subjects these artists loved to paint; Philip Wouwermans selected battles in the field, hunting-scenes, horse-markets, troopers, travellers, and highwaymen; and Snyder was the Nimrod of the studio, who represented stag-hunts on a grand scale, and terrible combats of wild beasts of prey. These are the principal stars in the great Art-constellation that shed lustre upon Holland and Flanders in the seventeenth century; but many of less magnitude could be pointed out which contributed no "modicum" of light to the general radiance.

Nicholas Berghem has always been regarded as one of the most original and charming of the Dutch landscape painters. His pictures have all the finish necessary to works of such character, though he is known to have painted with great facility. His touch and manner are peculiar, yet easily imitated; and on this account it is, perhaps, that so many copies of his productions abound in collections, where they are considered genuine. The arrangement of his subjects is very masterly; his drawing good; and he excelled in the delicacy of aerial perspective.

"The Herdsman," which is at Windsor Castle, is a particularly fine work, and painted with a fine, broad pencil: the group of figures and cattle on the right hand is naturally and intelligently arranged; the herbage, trees, mountains—in fact, the whole of the landscape is most truthfully painted, and there is little doubt that when the work first left the studio it was beautiful in colour; now the shadows have become dark and opaque. The sky is not represented with Berghem's accustomed felicity: the time is early morning, but the clouds, though light and fleecy, are too bulky in form, inelegant, and hard at the outlines.



J. B. ALLEN. SCULPT.

THE HERDSMAN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON. JAMES S. VINTAGE.

N. BENGHEM. PINXIT.

3 JU 59

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 2.—FRA ANGELICO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE VATICAN.

SCENE I.

The Vatican Garden. MICHELINO and GOZZOLI, disciples of FRA ANGELICO.

Michelino. How fares Fra Beato this morning, Gozzoli? how is our holy master?

Gozzoli. Ill—ill! But he will toil up his scaffold in the chapel, and work on at the St. Jerome by the light of that swinging silver lamp, though he is so weak that he nearly swooned this morning, as he knelt to take the holy wafer, as is his wont before beginning to paint.

Michelino. If ever a man of us see the saints he has painted on earth, face to face in heaven, 'twill be he, Benozzo. Take my word for it, O ye martyrs and confessors, 'tis a silver soul.

Gozzoli. Nay, thy metaphor smacks somewhat of the Jew traders over the Tiber. Why silver?

Michelino. Well, then, an ermine soul—a new-born flower's soul—a soul white as the snow fallen an hour since on the Monte Rosa. Who ever saw him crossed in temper? who ever saw him tread on a worm? If a viper were to creep under his pillow, would he not get out of bed, in order that the poor thing should be undisturbed? The very birds do not stop singing in the olive-trees when he passes them, and the rabbits come out and feed at his feet.

Gozzoli. He is a Saint John in heart, and his religion is a religion of love. Did he not refuse the archbishopric of Florence,—more fool he, say some,—and all sorts of dignities the Pope would heap on him? "Dignity enough for me," he says, crossing his breast, "to shun hell and get to Paradise. I need quiet and rest for my blessed art, wherewith I try to serve God and do good to men." Would some we know—that waspish, stinging prior (*whisper*), to wit—were like him. They say our Angelico weeps over the Crucifixions that he paints. Is it so?

Michelino. Marry, is it. I saw him yesterday crying ready to break his heart. "Be comforted, father," cried I, thinking it was only some physical weakness, "dinner is ready."

Gozzoli. And what said he then, carnal man?

Michelino. What do you think? Why, that the bread and olives he had had two hours before meridian were quite enough for a poor sick old man, but that he would stay there and pray, and then paint a little while the light was strong enough, for his eyes were not as they were.

Gozzoli. Which very much affected you—till the cover was taken off the meat!

Michelino. Ribald! Yes, thank God! we had that day wild-boar steaks, and Heaven gave me appetite to cope with the repast,—and to digest it after I had coped with it. By-the-bye, that reminds me of Girolamo's story of the village priest, he heard the other day preach out somewhere near Bellinzona, at the foot of the mountains. The sermon was on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which he attributed to Saint Barnabas.

Gozzoli. A suitable text for those glutton monks!

Michelino. You remember the parable I refer to, you godless one, about the five barley loaves and two small fishes, with which our Lord feasted the ten thousand men—

Gozzoli. Five thousand men!

Michelino. Well, five thousand men; but that's nothing to the story. The ten barley loaves—

Gozzoli. Five barley loaves!

Michelino. Well, five barley loaves. What

a torment you are, with your dry corrections! The monk, unfortunately intent on his relics—a feather from Gabriel's wing, and one of the coals that roasted Saint Lawrence—got confused, and either from ignorance or such confusion, reversed the parable—

Gozzoli. Miracle, not parable!

Michelino. Bones of Saint Barnabas! well, miracle. What a word-splitter you are! Well, miracle—'sdeath! that does not make the story better!—Reversed, I say, the miracle, and described that, on a mountain on the other side of the Sea of Galilee, our Lord fed five persons and two small fishes with ten thousand barley loaves, leaving twelve basketfuls of fragments, over and above those which were eaten.

Gozzoli. Ha, ha! well done monk! And what said the people?

Michelino. Listen. The monk had scarcely finished his narrative when he felt he had made a mistake, and the truth began to dawn through his fat brain; but he was too crafty to confess his mistake, and show his carelessness or his ignorance—not he.

Gozzoli. That is not the way with such cattle.

Michelino. No; he bravely stood up, stroked his stomach, coughed, hemmed, and pausing a moment, looked up to the clouds with the whites of his gluttonous eyes, and said, "Yes, my dear brethren, such was the miracle. Strength was given from heaven to those five persons, unaided, to bite and swallow the five thousand barley loaves and two small fishes; and what is more, such was the power granted to the saint, and the greatness of the miracle, that they digested them.—I will now send round the box for alms for the brotherhood of the saint who wrought that miracle.

Gozzoli. Not so bad. I should like to know that monk: your fox's wit is always keenest when the dogs have him at bay. Did you ever see such a colour as those violets? the Pope's robes are nothing to them.

Michelino. I must bid you farewell—I must now to the Vatican chapel, to work at the Saint Jerome with Fra Angelico.

Gozzoli. And I to the tavern on the Pincian, to drink a flask of Orvieto, and tell your story of the Bellinzona monk and his parable.

Michelino. Miracle, sir! your mistake is an ignorant one! Miracle, Gozzoli!

[GOZZOLI goes out laughing.]

Michelino (*adjusting his white hood*). That fellow's face will do for my "Descent into Limbo," with his sneering nose, suspicious eyes, and white lips. Bah! I hate the fellow!—singing even while he paints the doors of the holy Ciborium,—whistling while he puts on the gold leaf round a saint's head! That can't come to good. He is one of the children of this world,—laughs at my angels—and at my devils in the fiery boat, that I frescoed at Cortona, to the astonishment of all the town, five ladies swooning when I took down the curtain from it! Envy—sheer envy! He looks sour at my jokes. I saw his painful smile when I showed him the "St. Peter" yesterday! He asked me if the colour was not rather pale, and the carnations somewhat livid. But I'll tread on him yet—I'll tread on him yet!

[Goes out, repeating one of the penitential psalms.]

Bartolomeo, the Chorister Boy (*coming out from behind a cypress*). Out! how I hate that fellow, with his kind, bitter advice, that he pokes down your throat, just as you give a dog medicine! He is as great a hypocrite as ever turned over a mass-book, he, with his beads and penitential psalms! To see him fall on Fra Angelico's neck, and hug the good man, when I know he longs for his death, that he may have all the painting of the chapel to himself, and get to the Pope's elbow! The wriggling snake

—with his slow-turning, stealthy eye! How meek he is, too, when he is painting,—asking how you like it, and painting out the best part again, fearing there is something wrong in the drawing—listening with his neck on one side! I was sent to call him, for my dear master is ill, and cannot paint much to-day. Gozzoli gave me a picture yesterday: he is worth three of this toad. But, out! I hate him as I do the devil! Now, as I am out, I'll look after that nightingale's nest in the fig-tree. They must have young by this time. (*Sings*)—

"The nightingale sings, the nightingale sings,
Like a new-born angel with unfledged wings,
In the ilex's dark-green heart!
Or waits like a soul that is waiting its doom,
Hid from the bright moon deep in the gloom
Of the garden's thickest part!"

Michelino (*coming angrily out of a side-walk*). Hush, boy! no singing near the chapel! Thy master is faint, and the noise vexes him. Go to thy book. Are there no altar-candles to trim? no censers to swing? no myrrh or gums to pound for the thuribles to-night? no pixes to polish? No—

Bartolomeo. Plenty! but I am no Barbary slave, to spend time on such lackey's work. I sing in the choir, and I sing out of the choir! But, whatever I am, I am no servant of thine! [*Exit.*]

Michelino. That is a little limb of the devil, that will never come to good. Strange, that the holy father should so affect the pestilent, mischievous urchin, who has neither sanctity or devoutness. But so it is. Contrasts—we like our contrasts. So David loved Absalom, and Solomon his pagan wives. The holy father ails—his eye gets dimmer: even those nearest his heart must now rather pray for his release than his detention. His mind sometimes wanders, which shows the body is weak—weak. He sees fiery chariots waiting for him in the air, and the saints he has painted on earth come crowding to the brink of heaven, to welcome him to paradise! "Lord, how long?" he keeps repeating. My prayers are at last answered: he is going to heaven, and is happy. I shall remain here, and shall be happy too, wearing the crown of Art which he must put off before he can put on the white robe, and take up the golden harp! [*Exit.*]

Enter BARTOLOMEO.

Bartolomeo (*stepping from behind a bay-tree, and laughing*). Now, if anything was to happen to our dear master to-day, I could swear Michelino, with all his piety, would be away at some cardinal's levee, and Gozzoli, for all his taverns and singing, at the dying man's bedside.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Gardens of the Vatican. The Monk and the Chorister Boy, BARTOLOMEO.

Fra Angelico. Christ in everything! and his cross everywhere!—in the flying swallow, in the tree boughs, in this our frail body, yea, even in this apricot-tree, that these hands crucified to the wall, where the quick lizard is already out, his dormant blood quickening with the spring sun, that makes the almond-blossom, too, open—foolish prodigal! that comes before its leaves, and flushes out its youth, like a spendthrift, in a few hot days of sinful pleasure! I feel weak, and cannot paint this morning in that small, dark, cold side-chapel, where there is no sun to warm me. Don't chase the lizard, Bartolomeo! God made it of brittle emerald, and thou wilt soon hunt it to death. Remember, it is God's creature, like thyself,—spare it for another day of sunshine—remember Him who would not break even a bruised reed! If thou must be pursuing life, catch me the large purple butterfly yonder—there, on the Narcissus flower—and put it under that drinking glass, that I may, without hurting it, copy its wings for that angel in the third page

of my litany, in the initial letter of the divine song of Simeon—*Nunc Dimittis*—that the prior the other day gave thee to learn for singing a false note in the *Te Deum*.

Chorister Boy, Bartolomeo. Here are two, Fra Giovanni—two of the royal purple. You find them always in the violet; but I had to beat one down with my cap, and I could not catch the other without dropping the heavy choral book on him—but he isn't much hurt, Fra Giovanni. They give me a deal of trouble catching, and why should one let them go again? But why do you look so pale, Fra Giovanni?

Fra Angelico. It is nothing, Bartolomeo, but a faintness that has fallen on me in the chapel; so I laid down my brushes and my palette, and came out in the garden, into the sun, that shines with equal love upon the just and upon the unjust.

Chorister Boy. The just—that's you, dear father; all the Dominicans call you Angelico and Beato, and say that St. Luke comes down and teaches you how to paint.

Fra Angelico. Use not such words, Bartolomeo, to the poor sinner, brother Giovanni; I am a poor dreamer of heaven, and I but paint my dreams. Why there's Masaccio—

Chorister. What, that slovenly fellow who learnt of Masolino? He is no monk.

Fra Angelico. All the heads in Paradise, Bartolomeo, will not be shaved ones. He will paint so, that where I leave off will be but his beginning. I pray he may do God more service by his art than Fra Giovanni has done.

Chorister. Not he, with his hood all awry, and his cloak torn.

Fra Angelico. Nay, my boy, a man does not carry his brains outside him. The nightingale is a poor brown bird, yet it sings. I tell you he will beat us all, and if it be to the glory of God, pray God he may. Do I envy you your young life and free limb? why should I his genius?

Chorister Boy. O, Father John, he will never paint Gabriel like you have, with those wings that seem all set with dew-drops, thick as the jewels in our relic-case at Orvieto; and those garlands of angels dancing in the green meadows of Paradise—greener than the flax-field we passed yesterday; and those saints and bishops, with the cloth of gold robes, stiff, and grand, and rich, and the sharp mitres cut in two like filberts; and those colours you get from the crocuses and violets in the garden at Fiesole, that you are so fond of, that you— But I'm teasing you with all my talking; you put your hand to your head.

Fra Angelico. You don't tire me, Bartolomeo, no more than the thrush on the bough there over his nest could tire me; and though I tell you that in future time, when you and I, boy, have turned to flowers in some garden outside a chapel like this, that I shall be thought of, in comparison of Masaccio, but as the child that drew the face upon the vineyard wall there outside.

Bartolomeo. When I paint, Fra Beato, I won't paint those yellow-skinned Saint Jeromes, with heads like skulls; but beautiful women, with rosy cheeks, like those Michelino paints in one corner of his Purgatories. I'll have no bleeding men being sawn in two, or flayed with knives; but children dancing, holding garlands of roses. But you are ill, father?

Fra Angelico. It is nothing, Bartolomeo; but lend me your aid to the scaffold-steps in the chapel, and I will rest while you run for the leech in the street of the Three Fountains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

The Chapel. FRA ANGELICO, GOZZOLI, and BARTOLOMEO, who has just returned.

Fra Angelico. And now, as I sit on the steps that lead up to the ceiling scaffold, it

seems a long time, Gozzoli, to look back, to those young days when I used to hide myself in the belfry at Vecchio, to paint the starling's nest with the pale-blue eggs in it, for the first page of my new missal, and where the pigeons sat above me cooing, as I wrote in with all my care, turning round my tongue as if in pain, *Ave Maria, gratia plena*, round the aureole of our Blessed Lady the Virgin.

Gozzoli. Your life must seem, my dear master, like a garden, in which the flowers have sprung up behind you as you passed by. Wherever you have been, in cell and on wall, in cloister or over archway, you have left some blessed testimony of your faith there; and over every picture is written by thy dear hand,—"Do all to the glory of God."

Fra Angelico. Who comes yonder, Gozzoli, down between the cypresses, with the white robes, and the lily wand in her hand?

Gozzoli. Where?

Fra Angelico. There, to the right, by the old olive-tree, where the walk winds to the fountains—now it is gone. My eyes are failing me; it was but that tree white with blossom that I saw through the darksome ilex tops. I thought I saw before me the Virgin I painted for the Orvieto church, with the snowy robe, under the rainbow arch—

[*Falls.*]

Gozzoli. Master of masters, lean on me; you seem weaker. Shall I fetch help, and bear you to your bed in the Pope's upper guest-chamber? Would the leech were here!

Fra Angelico. Patience. There is no need; I would have no crowd to see an old man yield his soul to God. Let my dear brothers at Fiesole have the few golden pieces that are due to me—they may go for masses for my soul. I always prayed to die in the spring, and now my prayer is granted me. Would, though, I had finished that work at Orvieto that I left undone—but Thy will be done. Tell Michelino never to paint till he has received the eucharist; how can a man paint religious pictures if he have an impure heart? Stand boldly before men, but paint on your knees; a man sees best the holy passion he paints through his tears. I have never seen heaven so clearly as when I have knelt to the cross, and looked towards heaven with penitent tears in my eyes. Take the thought God sends, and do not sully it, Gozzoli, with foolish changes.

Gozzoli. Nay, but, father, I cannot paint these angels of the flowers that thou delightest to make fading lesser and lesser, till they grow absorbed into the light of the great throne, and of Him who sitteth thereon. I would fain wander in the seven *bolgi* of Dante's "Inferno," where horrid faces are revealed to me between the wafts of smoke and flame. God made the summer and winter, the wild deer and the wolf: there must be diversity of natures. Dear Fra Beato, blame me not if I have not thy peaceful heart and tender and devout soul. I cannot paint my prayers like thee, Fra Giovanni; St. Luke never comes to me as I work with my wet colours; and if I had been offered the archbishopric of Florence, I should, though a monk of the Dominicans like thee, have incontinently have snapped it as you lizard just did you fly. You are never angry with the lazy brothers, while I long for a sword to slay them in their sleeping stalls, pine for the power of the Medici, and want to paint men, not angels, whom I don't know much of.

Bartolomeo. How the leaves flutter, Father John: one would think they were butterflies with golden wings, trying to get loose, or as if they were little golden cymbals, that the soldiers shake on the Moorish staff; and hearing the singing, and not seeing the birds, one would think, Father John, that it was the very young leaves themselves singing for joy.

Fra Angelico. Yes, Bartolomeo, it makes us forget the night that is surely coming; let us

work while it may be called day, for the night cometh when no man may work.

Bartolomeo. Nay, Father John, there is no work for me to-day, for the Pope is away at Frascati, and I don't sing in the choir to-night; you must not work any more, for you are weak, and the spring air in the garden will revive you.

Fra Angelico. I must presently to my work, Bartolomeo, at that hollow-eyed, lean Saint Jerome, beating his breast red with a sharp flint, that made thee cry out for fear yesterday when thou broughtest me my bread and olives at the noon meal. That old hermit will bear the wound long after I am gone to rest.

Bartolomeo. Don't talk in that way, Fra Giovanni; you are not going to leave Rome yet. The holy father—

Fra Angelico. I go when I am called; when the trumpet sounds I am ready to depart. The frail tent of this body is already torn and rent; it is time it were furled and put away in the dark place.

Bartolomeo. O, father, look at those swallows weaving there round the fountain; there, I nearly struck one down with my handle-switch.

Fra Angelico. Bear with me a little! Don't touch the picture—the colour is wet. Keep the chapel window shut, till the blue of the Virgin's robe dries, and the gold stars be well fixed on the ultra-marine. This painting of ours is at best but a frail thing—a wretched mockery and echo of the truth—and it will not bear injury, my dear son in the faith!—Cold, colder, now it comes! I feel the blood freezing up, up, to my heart! Tell the holy father an old man gave him his dying blessing! The ceiling melts into cloud!—the sea of molten crystal, and the throne!—Him that sitteth on it, is, to look upon, like a jasper and a sardine stone! There is a rainbow round the throne and over the throne, which is in sight like unto an emerald! There is the Virgin, with the sceptre of lily flower, and the saints and martyrs, with their swords and axes and saws;—and all faces turned to the throne and to the Lamb! (*Swoons—recovers, and in a feeble voice cries*)—Quick! fetch the Book of the Gospels, and read me the vision of St. John!

[*GOZZOLI and BARTOLOMEO kneel beside the dying man, who crosses his hands on his breast; they read alternate verses.*]

Michelino. "The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne."

Bartolomeo. "Having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints."

Gozzoli. "And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

[*FRA ANGELICO dies.*]

Gozzoli. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.—Even so come Lord Jesus."

[*BARTOLOMEO bursts into tears, and flings himself sobbing on the dead body.*]

Gozzoli. Weep not for him, Bartolomeo!—he is gone where the sad ones cease from sorrowing, and where the weary are at rest. Repeat after me, and let us each say it from our hearts, and on our knees—(*Both repeat, holding the dead man's hand*)—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

OBITUARY.

MR. C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

This distinguished artist, whose health had for a long time been declining, died at his residence, in Abercorn Place, on the 5th of May, at the age of sixty-four.

The *Art-Journal* for the months of March and April, 1856, has forestalled anything which it might now be our duty to write on the career of Mr. Leslie; those two numbers of our publication offer as complete an account of his life as could be obtained by any means within our reach, as well as a list of his principal works. Very little remains for us to add to our former remarks; for, unhappily, whatever has since come from his hand bears the unmistakable impress of impaired mental energies and physical weakness. The author of "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," of "The Rivals," "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and a host of other works, equalling these in excellence, is scarcely to be recognised in the pictures he contributed to the Academy during the last three or four years. In colour, a quality in which he was rarely great, these latter works especially are lamentably deficient.

Mr. Leslie was for very many years considered, both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, as an American; but, in 1843, a letter—published anonymously in our *Journal*, and which we are now at liberty to say was written by the late Mr. Uwins, R.A., a fellow student of Leslie's when both were boys—settled the question. Mr. Uwins stated that Leslie was born in Clerkenwell, that he had frequently heard him speak of the youthful days of his childhood, and of his early voyage to America with his parents, from which country he returned with them when he was about twelve years of age.

Mr. Leslie's contributions to the Art-literature of our time, though not exhibiting much originality of subject-matter, nor much deep thought and study, are, nevertheless, of considerable value, especially to those for whom his writings—that is, his published lectures delivered at the Royal Academy—are more particularly intended.

The personal character of this lamented painter, whose death cannot but be regarded as a heavy loss to our school, notwithstanding the defects of his later works, may be summed up in a few words. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the term; somewhat reserved, and unapproachable by strangers; yet kind and courteous to all who knew him, and liberal towards those members of his profession who required his aid or advice.

MR. E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

It is with very sincere regret we have to record the death of this gentleman, whose services as a contributor to our columns we had hoped to retain for some time to come, notwithstanding he had almost, if not quite, reached the allotted term of life—the threescore years and ten. Mr. Rippingille died suddenly, on Good Friday, at the railway station of Swan Village, in Staffordshire. A *post mortem* examination led to the conclusion that death resulted from disease of the heart.

We are not at the present time in a position to offer our readers any detailed account of his career as an artist and a writer upon Art; we may, however, do so in a future number. All we can now say is, that for a long series of years his pictures, especially those of Italian subjects, were well known to, and not unappreciated by, the public. He passed many years in Italy, where he formed the acquaintance of a large circle of brother artists—foreigners and British. His theoretical knowledge of Art was, perhaps, greater than his practice, though the latter was sound and careful. Many years ago Mr. Rippingille started a monthly periodical devoted to the Arts, but it met with little encouragement, and, after the publication of a few numbers, it was discontinued. He was a man of large information, a diligent student of Art, and a shrewd observer of character, as the papers from his pen we have recently published show, and others yet in our hands will still further testify.

THE
FRENCH EXHIBITION OF 1859.

THE demands of our own exhibition, and the pressure of other matter claiming priority in our arrangements, have hitherto interfered with a notice, on our part, of our neighbour's great biennial review of Art, in the *Palais de l'Industrie*. It is, however, neither our wish nor our intention to let it pass without some remarks—remarks condensed and brief—in, as it were, an inverse ratio to its extent, occupying, as it does, some thirteen large saloons, and proffering a catalogue of 3045 works. Diderot, in his day, had his nerves seriously affected by an ominous muster of 400 canvases in one exhibition. How would he have met these perilous times, when the superficial space occupied by such a display has expanded out for many a rood? To the seemingly prodigious change we have become gradually habituated, through the influence of that marvel-working innovator—Time. The French catalogue, in the year 1855, registered about 1850 *tableaux*; that of 1857, 2715. In the present year, there is an advance of 330, giving a total of 3045. Perhaps, however, with regard to contributions on this occasion from purely French pencils, there is no great difference, in amount, from those of the previous period—any precise calculation on the subject being rendered difficult from the circumstance, that, in '57, the pictures of foreigners were mingled indiscriminately with the French, while here, in '59, they are gathered in a special saloon.

To the final completion of the catalogue on this occasion, a column, plenary it is to be hoped, of the promised English works, is yet to be added. It has been a disappointment to many that these were not delivered for the opening, with a punctuality in keeping with British habits of business. The postponement can scarcely be palliated by the plea of pressure to meet the demands of the home exhibition. Their arrival is, however, an event fully expected, and a special saloon awaits them. They must be, perforce, omitted from this notice.

When they have made their appearance, they will doubtless confirm the impression, left on the minds of those familiar with the course of the Fine Arts on each side of the channel, and who have now visited the *Palais de l'Industrie*, that the creations of the French palette approach more and more to the characteristics of those, which figure on the wall of the Royal Academy. This revolution has been in progress for some time, and will continue to a fulfilment, notwithstanding past jealousies and the influence of intolerant schools. It is vain to fetter the limbs of Art, or attempt to control permanently her natural movements by a machinery, however elaborate in mannerism. *Eccce signum*. The affected idealism of the school of David has wholly passed away from the French *ateliers*, and, while there is no desertion therein of either sacred theme or military illustration, a large body of their tenants devote themselves genially to the wide range of fancy and feeling, which yields such teeming subjects to the class of *genre*. In landscape, too, instead of their dry iterations of *quasi-Claude* and *quasi-classic* inanities, they have learned to trust to their own impressions, and to present scenes from field or forest

"Dewy with nature's tear-drops."

It must, in sincerity and sadness, be added that the Parisian Exhibition has fallen a victim to the plague of portraits, and that, throughout its present thirteen saloons, redundant and remorseless canvases perpetrate transitions, but too faithful, of foolish faces. To judge from the fulness of this infliction, the portrait-painters of Paris have but slight cause to dread the influence of photographic rivalry: their easels must be abundantly occupied.

To sacred subjects, with unrestricted canvas, an entire saloon has here been dedicated—a very judicious arrangement; but we have not been able to recognise a single inspired work, upon either of its four walls, by which the eye might be arrested, or the feelings edified. The mantle of Paul De la Roche would not seem to have fallen upon any of his surviving coteremporaries. And yet the spirit of religion is far from being so much below par in France as it has been: on the contrary, churches well filled, and with more than fair penitents, are

now familiar in this much-sinning Paris, and the reparation and pictorial embellishment of sacred edifices have been amongst the most animated operations upon which the hands of its architects and painters have been engaged. There is one exception to the above remark, and it is in the work of a foreigner, a South American—Señor Salomé Pina. This is named "Une Pieté," and represents the Virgin holding up and weeping over the body of Christ, while, on either side, a saint looks on in piteous contemplation. Feeling unequivocal and fresh is eloquent on each physiognomy; the artistic management of the composition is judicious, and its colouring clear and forcible.

Two military pictures, of Versailles dimensions, occupy the places of honour in the chief saloon; therein thrice are slain the slain of the Crimes. Neither of them is, in the high sense of the word, historic—where the treatment of one great act indicates a volume of minor incident, and tells, at a glance, how a great day has been lost or won. Of the latter we have familiar examples in the old epic pictures of Austerlitz and Eckmühl. In one, the Emperor has arrested his horse upon a commanding eminence, his staff in attendance, a column of his guard in reserve behind him, around him some wounded, some dying, some dead—the debris of a battle. In calm, cold confidence, he looks over the extended field, and awaits the headlong approach of that aid-de-camp, who bears the intelligence of the two rival potentates having fled, and their armies being irretrievably routed.

In the Eckmühl, we have again but one principal action. Napoleon, accompanied by a few of his greatest lieutenants, has halted by a group of wounded soldiers of the army he has just defeated, and while his surgeons, with sedulous anxiety, are soothing their sufferings, he expresses, by one look and action, his deep sympathy with them. The whole background presents a desolate plain of snow, which has been the "winding-sheet" to an army of slain, and over which, in the twilight of day-close, the columns of the conquerors are indistinctly moving in obvious pursuit of the vanquished. No trifling incident, or accessory of indifferent interest, is allowed to intrude upon either of these great compositions. They are at once simple and sublime, and present a very significant contrast to the works of M. Yvon, who is now the field-marshal of the French military school of Art. In these, the chief interest is derived from their presentation of the detailed horrors of the battle-field; for an appalling fidelity in this, M. Yvon has never been equalled: he throws the dramatic *Le Brun* deep into the shade. The murderous *mêlée* of the Malakoff is still the subject of his pencil and his vast canvas, (which revives the hand-to-hand contest of the French and Russians, in the last defensible gorge of the fort), meets the eye of the visitor to the exhibition as he enters the chief saloon, and compels him to hold his breath for awhile. Here every visage of every soldier engaged on either side is distinct, as if one were an actor in the scene—the unwounded living glaring on each other in concentrated hate, or desperation akin to madness—the dying writhing in concentrated agony—the dead crushed stark and ghastly under their companions' feet, or the uprooted gabions. The whole treatment of the subject is veritably described in the words of the catalogue,—"Russes et Français, hommes et choses sont horriblement annoncées." After all, this is but a commonplace of war: every campaign will furnish scenes as bloody and as desperate. Their record leaves no wholesome impression, except it be a loathing of

"The big war,
That make ambition virtue."

It is assuredly repugnant to the fitness of things, grating to the humanities of art, that such a work as this should be honoured with the chief place in an exhibition of 3000 pictures.

Its companion, on the opposite side of the apartment, "The Landing of the French Army in the Crimea," is from a pencil of higher promise than that of M. Yvon,—that of Barrias, whose fine picture of "The Exiles of Tiberias," introduced him so promisingly to his countrymen, on his return from the school of Rome, in the year 1855. He was, however, more fortunate in that spontaneous, than in this dictated, undertaking. He has given a good, chronicle-like record of the event in

question, and no more. The whole of his foreground is occupied, on the one side, by a full band of drummers, who head a division in double-quick; on the other, by a piece of artillery, with all its accompanying horses and train. Towards the middle distance, the figure of Marshal St. Arnaud is seen, just as he and his staff have mounted in hot haste; far beyond him, and down to the distant edge of the shore, the ground is peppered over with the red and blue indications of troops landed, or landing. The blue sea and smoking steamers bound in all. There is probably much fidelity in the scene, which is thus depicted by the hand of a good colourist and draughtsman, and it will accordingly be a valuable addition to the Versailles panorama. Numerous minor canvases in this collection carry through endless detail the Crimean story.

From the crowd of portraits in this exhibition we shall be content to notice but a few. Perhaps, in more than courtesy, the place No. 1 should be given to a lady, Madame Henriette Browne, whose portrait of an elderly gentleman, for strength of character and masculine but rich handling, fairly emulates that remarkable portrait of the Provost of Peterhead, by Sir J. W. Gordon, which attracted so much notice and admiration, on the part of French artists, in the year 1855. This lady has further proved her great artistic power on this occasion, by a picture charming for its truth of expression, as well as by its masterly brilliancy of effect, the subject of which is a sickly boy tenderly nursed by a sister of charity. Two small, but exquisite cabinet pictures, further afford evidence of Madame Browne's claim to rank amongst the leaders of the present French school.

Winterhalter has given three works to this collection, the chief of which is a portrait, all but full-length, of the Princess Marie Woronzoff, which is at once brilliant and unaffected in expression, and artistically marked by freedom and grace of handling. It is, in every way, thoroughly refined, and reminds us much more of our highest British productions of the same class than it does of the French school. To the latter, Messrs. J. H. Flandrin and H. Lehmann belong beyond challenge, and both are masters of works here which are elaborated into very wax, or ivory. Henry Scheffer is at once more free and unaffected than either; his portrait of his lamented brother, the late Ary Scheffer, is a boon to the lovers of the Fine Arts; it is stamped with character. It has already been given to the public in the form of an engraving.

Delacroix sends a few small canvases to compete with the younger celebrities of the profession, who have all but monopolized the exhibition. Some of these are but repetitions, and those depreciated, of his past productions, such as "Hamlet at the Grave of Yorick," and the "Templar's Abduction of Rebecca." All are but generalised and sketchy, and that with the same sweltering brush, with which his greater works are, in glowing roughness, lashed into foam; they surprise, but cannot gratify. They seem to spring from a similar mood—the "douce et insaisie in loco"—as that, which yearly perplexed the public with corruscations from the studio of our Turner. In the imaginative, the hero of this year's creations is assuredly Gerome, whom a vast and ambitious composition of "The Age of Augustus," in 1855, and his cabinet picture of "The Duel after the Masquerade," in 1857, have made a rising star of first magnitude in the artistic world. Gerome has a potent idiosyncrasy, a self-willed singularity, which commands more attention than a sounder taste associated with less startling accessories. His subjects, in three works, for this year are—"Cesar," in other words, the alain Cesar lying in the deserted senate-house—solitude made ghastly; secondly, a scene in the Roman amphitheatre, where a posse of gladiators, when about to commence their fatal contest, salute the Emperor with the words—"Ave, Cesar imperator, morituri te salutant;" and thirdly, "Le Roi Candule" exhibiting furtively to his minister Gyges, the charms of his wife. These are all remarkable for evidences of a severe study without much soul. So minute, fanciful, and formal are the scenic designs of each, but more especially in the latter royal bedchamber, that we leave them with the impression, that an admirable architectural draughtsman was lost in M. Gerome: he is but a tame colourist. In the picture by Cabanel, "La Veuve du Maître de

Chapelle," the widow of the chapel-master, subdued into tears amid her children, as she hears a favourite strain of her late husband touched upon the organ, is, for every fine quality of Art—eloquent sentiment—happy, but seemingly unstudied arrangement and colour, at once rich and mellow—a perfect cabinet work. It is not, however, honoured with a place equal to those of Gerome's first and last. Baudry, who, like Cabanel, has been a first-class student of Rome, and who came out as a Correggio colourist, has two works of his *forte* here—a Venus and a Magdalen. "Strange compagnie; strange compagnie!" He has not as yet mastered the difficulties of finest flesh tint; he is pulpy but uneven, and seems to have taken his canvases from the easel before their time. On the other hand, La Pêre, also a first-class Roman student, has a firmness which Baudry wants, and takes a leading place in mastery of the human figure. His "Bethsabée" admirably illustrates his artistic merits. Hamon, the leader of the ethereal Pompeian school, has, we regret to say, abandoned his true calling this year, and none of his followers have done ought to compensate for the loss of his delicate and piquant creations; we should except a very charming figure by Aubert (also a *premier grand prix de Rome*), of a nymph seated at the sea-shore, wrapped in the most gracefully swathing of draperies that modesty could suggest, and pensively meditating upon dreams the most placid. Hamon has not surpassed this. The names of Bouguereau, Curzon, Roen, Duverger, Leleux, Brion, and Bellet, should not be omitted amongst those, which have won honours on this occasion, either in the more purely poetic vein, or in specific *genre*.

In the renovated landscape of the French, several names of exhibitors appear here, to whom honour is due. Troyon fairly leads the way, with his fields of pasturage, his everlasting clouds, and his goodly cattle, marching up the foreground in gentle, passive obedience. Turning over the many leaves of the Troyon volume, we can find but little of that essence called poetry in their leaves; and we are led, moreover, to feel that, as a student, he must have wandered (all unseen, or otherwise, as it may have been) rather among the well-dyked cattle grounds of Holland than amid laughing fields of France, with their clustering vines and golden wave of corn. In strong contrast to him, we have here some few small gems of purest poesy, from the pencil of Bouet. In all these, delicious efforts of sun and shade are realized, and they want but one correction to render them perfect, and that is, to give the slightest softness possible to the foliage of those trees which take so conspicuous a part in each scene. They are a little too punctiliously stippled. M. R. Lehmann's view of the Pontine Marshes, with a small river in front, whose obstructing weeds are being swept away by a herd of buffaloes, which have been driven in for that purpose, and amongst whose grisly horned heads, a barge, peasant-laden, moves slowly along, is a work of great beauty, with a general air of silvery sunniness lighting up its picturesque stream, its wide-expanding plain, and distant pale blue hills. Auguste Bonheur has two clever cattle pieces, and a brilliant, sparkingly-tinted landscape, in which a flock of sheep is driven forward by a young Breton boy. This is a gem. The names of Fromentin, Labito, Bandit, Diaz de la Tena, and Duverger, will be found amongst the strenuous students from nature, whose works lend an ample average to the attractions of this collection.

A large canvas of P. Rousseau, representing an incursion of dogs upon an unguarded gala dinner-table, and their savage rivalry in tearing its various joints to pieces, is painted palpably in the manner of Sneyders, and with an extraordinary vigour and brilliancy of effect, which win for it a conspicuous place of honour. The subject is, however, close upon disgusting. Let us contrast with it an extremely pretty group of a white cat and her family of kittens, most spiritedly painted by Madame Peyrol, *née Juliette Bonheur*, and which well supports the donors of the latter name.

The foreigners are not over strong in the quality of their contributions to this exhibition. They have nevertheless sent some works of sterling merit. The most remarkable of these is a large landscape by Palizzi (a Neapolitan, affiliated to France), with cattle in front, finished up with a most vigorous

hand, and glowing under a general effect of brilliant noon. Burnier, of the Hague, sends small works, in which Rembrandtesque impressions are loyally transmitted. Here is a deliciously tender and picturesquely-treated subject of a school of young girls at Albano, from the pencil of Muyden (Swiss), whose "Refectory of the Capuchins" won so much admiration at the exhibition of 1855. The names of Madrazo, who supports the honours of Madrid in portraiture,—Knaus, of Napau,—Veriat, Lamo-riniere, and Lies, of Belgium,—Saal, of Coblenz, and Lanfredini, of Florence (who sends a most piquant picture of a young girl reading Dante), will be found amongst the *élite* of this great professional congress.

In concluding this brief notice, we can but express a general impression that no very startling revelation of genius is to be found in the thirteen saloons of the Palais de l'Industrie on this occasion; and that the British school, if true to itself in the selection which it sends, may occupy No. 14 without any apprehension of an untoward result.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EXETER.—An exhibition of works of Art was opened in this city at the end of April. It was inaugurated by the annual soirée of the School of Art on the evening of the 26th, when the Report for the past year was read, and prizes were distributed to the pupils entitled to receive them. The Report, which embraces the year 1858 only, gives an average of 149 students attending the school; but in March of the present year the number in the various classes was 173. In 1858 the aggregate number was 259. The financial statement must be very gratifying to the friends and supporters of the school, the treasurer's account showing a balance in its favour, at the end of the year, of £46 17s. 4d.; and the most satisfactory part of this matter is, that the chief part of the income is derived from the fees of the pupils, which last year amounted to £227 5s. Sir Stafford Northcote, who presided over the meeting, spoke very encouragingly of the future prospects of the school, and paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Wigzell, the head master, to whom the pupils lately presented a silver inkstand and a gold pencil-case, to mark their sense of his unremitting attentions to them. The exhibition, to which reference has been made, was to remain open for a month. It was collected and arranged by Mr. Gendall, an artist long resident in Exeter, and whose name generally appears as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The respect in which this gentleman is held in the county has enabled him to borrow from the mansions of Devonshire many fine pictures by the old Italian, Flemish, and Dutch masters, as well as several by our own painters—Reynolds, Wilson, Lawrence, Stanfield, Redgrave, Knight, Webster, &c. &c.

GLASGOW.—The public award of prizes to the pupils of the Glasgow School of Art, over which Mr. C. Wilson presides, took place last month. They were distributed to the recipients by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., who, in the course of his address to the students and their friends, strongly urged the benefits which all classes would derive from a knowledge of drawing, and admitted the great advantage he had himself received from practising, as he had done, five or six hours a day, for several years in the early part of his life. He attributed whatever success his writings may have obtained to the habit of drawing, which enabled him to form conceptions in his own mind of what he wished to describe; and, having formed that image, it belonged to the pen to transcribe it. The number of pupils in the Glasgow central school at the present time is 808; in other schools connected with it, 1,393; total under instruction, 2,201.

NORWICH.—The number of pupils in the School of Art, in April, 1859, was 139; the number returned for April, 1858, was 125, showing an increase for the present year of 14. A debt which for more than three years was pressing upon the institution has been entirely liquidated by a bazaar held last year, and a balance in favour of the school of nearly £100 is now in the banker's hands. Mr. Nursey, the head master, has been using his utmost exertions to accomplish this. The importance of the School of Art is now fully acknowledged in the city, and its appreciation by the inhabitants is shown by the regular amount of subscriptions. It has struggled through many difficulties during the last five years, but it may now be said to have overcome them.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART II.—MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.



If we consider Michel Angelo in his compound character of painter, sculptor, and architect, he is unquestionably the most illustrious artist the world has ever seen; and if to these qualifications be added those of civil and military engineer, and poet, the versatility of his genius has had few parallels: it may, indeed, be affirmed there is no name in the annals of biography which suggests such a combination, in one individual, of rare intellectual endowments as his. And it is especially worthy of remark, that in each of these arts and sciences he showed himself a consummate master, though not equally so in all. There is not one, however, with which his name is not conspicuously allied: as a painter, it stands forth as one of the brightest constellations in the firmament of Art.

Michel Angelo was born when the arts of painting and sculpture—the former more particularly—were emerging rapidly from the twilight uncertainty and indistinctness of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Cimabue and Giotto had risen and disappeared; they were the heralds of the future glory which, increasing and circulating by the agency of Masaccio, Giovanni Da Fiesole, or Angelico, Gozzoli, Ghirlandaio, Verrocchio, Perugino, and a host of others whose names are less familiarly known, culminated in the works of Leonardo Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and their contemporaries and successors of the various schools of Italy.

A descendant of the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Canossa, he was born, on the 6th of March, 1474, at the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, of which castle his father was governor. The time of his birth was peculiarly favourable for the development of a mind like his, for the Italian States were vieing with each other in the cultivation and patronage of the liberal arts: talent was sought after, and, when found, encouraged and rewarded. At this period it was a very common practice to consult the astrologer as to the future destiny of infants, and the birth of the child Buonarrotti formed no exception to the general rule. According to a contemporary biographer, Condivi, his subsequent fame was thus foretold:—"Mercury and Venus were in conjunction with Jupiter for the second time, demonstrating a benign aspect, and plainly showing that the child would be a very extraordinary genius, whose success would be universal, but particularly in those arts which delight the sense, such as painting, sculpture, and architecture." In fulfilment of the prediction thus pointed out by those who made the heavenly bodies their study, the boy evinced at a very early age an unquestionable love of the Arts, and a desire to practise them. His chief companions were the students in the schools of painting at Florence, to which city his family had retired from Caprese. Among these

youths was one named Granacci, a pupil in the studio of Ghirlandaio, who lent him drawings to copy, took him to his master's house, and encouraged and assisted him in every way to accomplish the object of his desires. For a considerable time the father did all in his power to oppose the wishes of the young artist, under the idea that the Arts, if followed as a profession, would tend to compromise the dignity of the family. At length, however, he laid aside his scruples, and articulated the youth for a period of three years to Domenico Ghirlandaio, and his brother David. While pursuing his studies under these masters, a school for the advancement of sculpture was established by Lorenzo de Medici, and the pupils of Ghirlandaio were invited to study from the collection of antiques arranged in the Medicean garden, near the Piazza of St. Mark. The sight of these works, it is alleged, induced Michel Angelo to devote himself entirely to sculpture. It is related that while thus occupied, he one day found the mutilated head of a laughing fawn, and perfectly restored it. Lorenzo, who frequently visited the garden to watch the progress of the students, saw him at work, and was so struck with the skill and ingenuity displayed by the young sculptor, that he invited him to his palace, provided him with suitable apartments in it for the prosecution of his labours, made him sit at his table as his own son, and introduced him to the men of rank and genius who were the frequent guests of this munificent patron of the Arts and literature. Among the literary friends of Lorenzo, one of the most distinguished was Angelo Poliziano, who also resided in the palace; and at his suggestion Michel Angelo executed for their patron a basso-relievo in marble, the subject of which was the "Battle of the Centaurs," a work that still exists in Florence, and which, in the latter years of the artist, when his judgment had, of course, become ripened, so satisfied it, as to cause him to express sincere regret that he had not devoted his talents exclusively to sculpture.

After a residence of three years in the palace of Lorenzo, Michel Angelo was compelled, by the death of his patron in 1492, to return to the house of his father. He was then only in his eighteenth year—a mere lad. Pietro de Medici, the successor of Lorenzo, inherited his princely possessions, and so much of his taste as led him to patronise the Arts, without having any real love of them. He assigned to Michel Angelo the same apartments in the palace previously occupied by him, and used to boast "that he had two extraordinary persons in his house: the one, Michel Angelo, the other, a Spanish footman, remarkable for his personal beauty and his swiftness of foot;" an observation that shows his estimate of men of genius. His misgovernment of the Florentines at length caused his expulsion from the city, and on his downfall Michel Angelo retired to Bologna, where he executed two statues for the church of the Dominicans; but, after a residence in that city, returned to Florence, and to his father's house. Once more at liberty to pursue the bent of his inclinations, he executed a statue of the "Infant St. John" sleeping, and another of a "Sleeping Cupid," as a companion work, the former for a member of the Medici family. At the suggestion of this nobleman, Michel Angelo was induced to lend himself to a plan for imposing the Cupid on the public as an antique, in order to show that a modern sculptor could produce a work as worthy of



THE PROPHET DANIEL.

in order to show that a modern sculptor could produce a work as worthy of

estimation as an ancient artist. The statue was consigned to the care of a man who was made acquainted with the secret; he buried it in a vineyard, and after it had lain there sufficiently long to become stained, he dug it up and gave out that he had discovered an antique. The work was sent to Rome, where it attracted universal admiration, and was purchased by the Cardinal S. Giorgio for the sum of two hundred ducats. The cardinal, however, had not possessed it long before he found out that it was the work of a living sculptor, and feeling indignant at the imposition practised, sent one of his household to Florence, to ascertain the truth of the report. Having discovered that the sculptor was Michel Angelo, whose fame seems to have reached Rome at this time, he invited him to the imperial city, as the most promising arena for the exercise of his great talents. The invitation was accepted, though the cardinal, who could not forget the deception of which he had been the victim, did little or nothing to encourage him when he had reached Rome. From this time, however, must be dated the beginning of Michel Angelo's undying reputation.

During this, his first residence in Rome, he studied very assiduously, and executed several works, the most celebrated of which is the Virgin with a dead Christ in her lap, and is called a *Pietà*; an engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1854. It was executed for the Cardinal Rovano, and is now an altar-piece in the chapel in St. Peter's, dedicated to La Virgine Maria della Febbre: several copies of the group were made, both in marble and bronze.

A new order, or form, of government having been established at Florence, which seemed to promise stability, several great works of Art were commissioned by the government. Michel Angelo, by the advice of his friends, returned to Florence in 1500, in expectation of receiving a portion of the patronage held out to artists: the first undertaking in which he engaged was a gigantic statue of David, hewn from a solid block of marble. This work had been commenced some years previously by Simon da Fiesole, who, finding that he had undertaken a task wholly beyond his capacity, abandoned it in despair. The marble was left little else than an ill-shaped block, and it was entrusted to Michel Angelo to do the best he could with it: he accommodated his design to the irregular shape of the marble, from which arose the statue that now stands in the great square of Florence, on one side of the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio. Majestic as this work is, it bears evidence, in the attenuated form of the figure, of the constraint placed upon the sculptor by the peculiarly shaped material out of which it was created, after Da Fiesole's unfortunate attempt to execute the work.

Hitherto the productions of Michel Angelo were chiefly sculptural: we have, however, referred only to a few of them, but we must pass on to speak of him as a painter. The only easel picture from his hand which can be authenticated is in the gallery of Florence; it is a Holy Family, painted for a Florentine amateur, named Angelo Doni, and was executed at this period of the artist's life, or about 1503. But his genius was of a character that could not restrict itself within such limits, and an opportunity was afforded him to give it a wider range. The head of the government of Florence, who was called the *gonfaloniere*, was at that time a distinguished citizen of the name of

Pietro Soderini, who commissioned Michel Angelo to paint a large historical subject to decorate the hall of the ducal palace, while Leonardo da Vinci was engaged to execute one for the opposite side; the latter chose for his subject the victory of the Florentines over the Milanese in 1440; the former, Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno surprised by an enemy. Cartoons were prepared, but the pictures, from some cause or other, were never executed on the walls of the palace, nor, so far as is now known, is there a vestige of either cartoon in existence: both were considered works exhibiting the highest genius in the art of design; while, in the case of Michel Angelo's, we, in the present

day, have an opportunity of testing its merits to a certain extent, from the engravings of a portion which has come down to us: this passage of the composition shows remarkable power of grouping and anatomical knowledge, with an intensity of individual and combined action truly wonderful, especially in an artist who had not yet attained his thirtieth year: by this work he not only established his reputation as the greatest artist of his time, but, by the novelty and grandeur of his design, created a new era in the Art. The cartoon was placed in the Medici Palace, to which, according to Vasari, all the great painters of Italy, who had the means of reaching Florence, flocked to see it, among them Raffaele, Bandenilli, Andrea del Sarto, &c.

In 1504, Michel Angelo was again in Rome. Julius II., a man who for energy of character bore a strong resemblance to the artist himself, had been elected to the papal dignity, and was no sooner seated in his high position than he caused himself to be surrounded by men of genius. Michel Angelo was one of the first whom he invited to the imperial city, and gave him an unlimited power to design and build a mausoleum for his holiness, a commission which the artist felt to be commensurate with his powers. He accordingly prepared a design which, had it been completed as originally intended, would have surpassed in grandeur, beauty, and richness of ornament, every work of a similar kind that the world had seen. The plan was a parallelogram, and the superstructure was to consist of forty statues, many of them colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze *bas-reliefs*; the architectural portions were to be appropriately decorated, so as to combine all into one grand and harmonious whole. To this magnificent design Rome is indebted for the Church of St. Peter's, "the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world;" the story of its erection may be thus

briefly told. When the design for the tomb was submitted to the pope, he unhesitatingly approved of it, and desired the artist to go into St. Peter's (the old church of that name), to see where it could be placed; after due inspection, it was ascertained that no spot could be found that would exhibit to advantage so noble a design when carried out; this fact being represented to the pope, it was, after divers consultations, determined entirely to rebuild the sacred edifice.

The monument was commenced, and during its progress Julius was frequently induced to visit the artist, for whom he entertained the highest esteem, and to inspect the work; but at an early stage it was interrupted by a circumstance which strongly indicated the character of Michel Angelo. Having occasion to



THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.

request an audience of his holiness for an especial purpose, he was twice refused admission; and, on the second application, considering that one of the pope's attendants had treated him with superciliousness, he immediately gave directions to his servants to sell his furniture and effects to the Jews, and set off for Florence. He had, however, gone but a short way on his journey when several couriers arrived from the pope, commanding his immediate return. The indignant artist paid no heed to the papal emissaries, and, continuing his journey, reached Florence. Three briefs from Rome followed him there; but it was not till his friend, Soderini, fearing that he himself would incur the anger of the pope, who was then at Bologna, urged Michel Angelo to return to his duty, that the latter acceded, and went to Bologna to present himself to his holiness. Julius received him with an outward show of severity, but almost immediately after gave him his benediction, received him into full favour, and ordered him to make his statue in bronze. Michel Angelo remained sixteen months at Bologna, finished the statue, and then returned to Rome.

Bramante, the favourite architect of the pope, had been entrusted with the task of preparing designs for the rebuilding of St. Peter's; and Michel Angelo fully anticipated that he should at once be permitted to proceed with the monument: instead of this, Julius, at the instigation, it is said, of Bramante, who was jealous of the Florentine, ordered him to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with paintings in fresco. Raffaele, at that time, was ornamenting the Vatican with works of a similar kind. Michel Angelo most earnestly endeavoured to decline the task,—he had never attempted fresco-painting; but Julius would allow no impediment to stand in the way of his will: the cartoons were prepared, and artists from Florence, skilled in the art, were brought to Rome to execute the pictures. Their labours, however, did not satisfy Michel Angelo, and, entering the chapel one morning, he dismissed them all, and determined to do the whole work himself. Within one year and eight months from its commencement, the decoration was completed; an achievement which, whether we consider the magnitude and sublimity of the performance, or the incredibly short time occupied in its execution, is without a parallel in the history of Art.

A description of this glorious work—now, unhappily, so much faded as to be, in some parts, at least, almost invisible—would occupy many of our pages; we can only briefly describe it. The ceiling is divided into twelve compartments, in which is painted the history of the antediluvian world, in a series of large and small pictures, representing the most important events recorded in the book of Genesis—the Creation and Fall of man, with its immediate consequences. The eleventh subject of the series is the Deluge, and the twelfth is the story of Noah, showing the remnant of the human race preserved after that awful event. In the large triangular compartments at the springing of the vault, are sitting alternate figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, as the foretellers of the coming of Christ; and in the soffits of the recesses between these compartments is a series of designs representing the individuals who form the genealogical roll, so to speak, of the Saviour. Two of the illustrations we have introduced here are from the series of the Prophets and Sibyls, and one is from the soffits. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is acknowledged to be one of those marvels of Art which, even in its present dilapidated condition, men

make a pilgrimage to Rome to see; and it is impossible to contemplate it without reverence and astonishment.

As it is the principal object of this notice to exhibit Michel Angelo by the works he executed in Rome, the next twenty years of his life must now be passed over, for, during this period, he was for a short time only in the imperial city, and these twenty years were almost lost to him as an artist. The monument of Julius II. had been the favourite labour of his life, and he had devoted to it all his powers; but it had proved to him, almost from its commencement, a source of disquietude. Each pontiff, since the death of Julius, had, on his accession, required the services of Michel Angelo on other works, and in other places, and compelled him, notwithstanding his remonstrances, to discontinue his labours on the monument; it was, however, at length completed, in 1535, but on a smaller scale than it was first intended to be, and placed not in St. Peter's, as originally intended, but in the Church of San Pietro in Vinculo. He was now quite free to commence a work, the cartoons for which he had prepared some time previously: this was the wonderful fresco of "THE LAST JUDGMENT," which occupied him eight years to complete, and of which we have introduced an engraving. "The Last Judgment" is painted on the end wall, over the high altar, of the Sistine Chapel, and is sixty feet in height. "If we consider," says Kugler, "the countless number of figures, the boldness of the conception, the variety of movement and attitude, the masterly drawing, particularly the extraordinary and difficult foreshortenings, this immense work certainly stands alone in the history of Art; but in purity and majesty it does not equal the paintings on the ceiling."

The same intelligent writer and critic thus describes the picture:—"In the upper half we see the Judge of the World, surrounded by the Apostles and patriarchs; beyond these, on one side, are the martyrs; on the other, the saints and a numerous host of the blessed. Above, under the two arches of the vault, two groups of angels bear the instruments of the passion. Below the Saviour, another group of angels, holding the books of life, sound the trumpets to awaken the dead. On the right is represented the resurrection, and higher, the ascension of the blessed; on the left, hell, and the fall of the condemned, who audaciously strive to press upwards to heaven." Any one who closely examines this composition, especially with the feelings inherent in a true English Protestant, will be pained and disappointed. As a picture, moreover, it is by no means calculated to give pleasure; its predominant expression, throughout, is that of terror and dismay: nowhere do we recognise those rejoicing spirits who, rising

from the sleep of death, are about to "enter into the joy of their Lord;" even the martyrs, those who went through "a great fight of afflictions," and patiently submitted themselves to every kind of persecution, and sundry forms of death, appear, not as disembodied spirits for whom crowns of glory are ready, but bearing the insignia of their martyrdom. It is a day of wrath, not of mercy, and "it must be admitted," to quote again our former authority, "that the artist has laid a stress on this view of his subject, and it has produced an unfavourable effect upon the upper half of the picture. We look in vain for the glory of heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of divine holiness, and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir



THE SIBYL OF LYDIA.

of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear, grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; instead of these, we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements, naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by a holy tradition." It is altogether of "the earth, earthy," and its real excellence consists in the extraordinary powers of invention displayed in the various groups, and in the profound knowledge of the human figure, by which the artist was enabled so effectually to embody his conceptions.

Another of our illustrations is from a fresco by him: "THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER" is placed under the large window of the Pauline Chapel, in the Vatican; it is in a most unfavour-

able light, and has become so blackened by the smoke of lamps as to be scarcely visible, but the composition is grand.

In the year 1546, San Gallo, who had succeeded Bramante as the architect of St. Peter's, died; the pope called upon Michel Angelo to fill the post. At first he declined, pleading his advanced years; but the pontiff would hear of no excuse, and made his request a command, which could not be disobeyed. The design adopted by San Gallo was of a Saracenic order; this Michel Angelo altered into the form of a cross, thereby giving it a more Christian and imposing character. After a life of continuous activity and exertion, continued up to a very short period of his death, he was attacked



ASA.

by a slow fever, which, on the 17th of February, 1563, called him from the scene of his labours. A great artist, a true Christian, a benevolent and liberally-minded



THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER.

man, the name of Michel Angelo will for ever shine out among those who have been the "lights of the living world."

JAS. DAFORNE.



THE LAST JUDGMENT.
MICHEL ANGELO.

3 JU 59

RIETSCHEL'S MONUMENT TO LUTHER.

Nor only the name of the man to whom this monument is to be erected, but the grandeur and striking originality of the design, will, we think, ensure for the following description of the truly noble work no small degree of interest.

Rietschel's last achievement was the Goethe and Schiller monument, inaugurated last year at Weimar; and this, as well as the statue of Lessing, gives sufficient proofs of what he is capable.

We, in England, are accustomed to see single figures only raised in honour of the departed great; and, indeed, the composition of a group to glorify some hero is attended with many more difficulties than where he alone is represented whom we desire to honour. The drawings which the competition for the Wellington Monument called forth prove this sufficiently. Unless the events of an epoch, or, rather, unless an epoch, with its grand determining event, is to be symbolised, the *one* figure would be preferable. But, though in one characteristic personification the man himself may be shown us who brought about some decisive change or overthrow, it will not be possible to typify the cotemporary state of things—the ineffaceable features stamped upon an age—without the aid of accessories. Now, in setting up a monument to Luther at Worms, Professor Rietschel wished not merely to commemorate his glorious appearance there, but to connect with him other cities and other events also memorable, and to show, moreover—to mark clearly and unmistakably in a worthy manner—the spirit which that one man's bold act called forth, and which, God be praised, became thenceforward the characteristic and prevailing spirit of his own and other lands. But we proceed at once to the description of the monument, of which a competent judge has said, that since the plan, unfortunately never completed, which Michel Angelo designed for erection over the grave of Julian II., no such bold undertaking has been attempted.

The monument* altogether occupies a space of forty feet in diameter. Two immense steps raise the basement above the ground, serving as a protection, while, at the same, time they give an air of solidity to the foundation, and elevate the whole beyond all profane neighbourhood. At the four corners of this raised platform stand, on high pedestals, the protectors of Protestantism, Frederick the Wise and Philip of Hesse on each side of the entrance, and at the other two corners Reuchlin and Melancthon,—representing thus the princes who, with their good swords, aided the cause, and those learned men who, by means of the written and spoken word, also bravely battled for it. The space between the first two figures is left open; that between the others is filled up by a massy wall of granite six feet high, with battlements a-top. On the inner side of these battlements are the arms of twenty-nine towns, which especially distinguished themselves as the safe retreats of Protestantism. In the centre of these embattled walls rises a pedestal somewhat less high than the corner ones, and these support three sitting figures, personifying cities, each with a mural crown—namely, sorrowing Magdeburg, resolutely protesting Speyer, and Augsburg, with the palm of peace. This surrounding outwork has a most imposing effect. The massy granite embattled wall forms indeed a citadel of strength. How clearly is here shown that what we have to defend is as a tower firmly built on a rock, and that the best and bravest are chosen for its defenders and for its protection! It is on entering this strong citadel that we come to the real monument; and here again the history and the import of the great work of Reformation is clearly developed—fully and yet with wonderful simplicity. On a pedestal rising by three successive gradations to the height of 17 or 18 feet, stands Luther, of colossal size, 10½ feet high. This imposing figure is habited in the flowing robes of the Protestant clergy of the present day,—loosely flowing and waving, be it observed, indicative of the free spirit of Protestantism, in

contradistinction to the more formal ascetic spirit of monkdom. His head is raised; he is looking upward with a determined resoluteness; yet there is an air of inspiration over his features, certain, as he seems to be, of victory. In his left hand he holds the Bible; his right hand, which is closed, rests upon it with a firm assurance which nothing is able to shake. His whole attitude, his upraised look, all announce the moment of utterance of those memorable words, "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise! May God help me!" The whole man is indeed heroic.

To show how admirably Rietschel has brought together cotemporary events as accessories, we observe that on the *socle* are the arms of six princes and two cities, by whom the Confession of Augsburg was signed. At the four corners are sitting figures of the four Reformers, Huss, Savonarola, Peter Walders, and Wicklyffe. These men, representing as they do four different nationalities, show clearly that the great movement was not confined to a particular country, or was the result of any one people's development, but that its occurrence was an unavoidable necessity as the result of the preceding events of general history. Below are represented in relief the most important events connected with the Reformation—the posting up the theses publicly at Wittenberg, the Diet at Worms, the translation of the Bible, and the administration of the Sacrament in the two forms, and the marriage of priests. In front, above, are the ever-to-be-remembered words already quoted.

From this account it will, we think, be easy for the reader to form to himself a notion of the general appearance of this grand composition. It is so original, there is such profound thought in the conception and arrangement, and the whole is so clear and intelligible, that we think the perusal of even the present slight sketch will not fail to call forth a lively feeling of admiration.

EXHIBITION OF PRIZE DRAWINGS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE rooms prepared at the South Kensington Museum for the Vernon and Turner collections, have been temporarily occupied, during the last month, by the drawings of the students in the metropolitan district schools of Art, established at Kensington, Spitalfields, the Charterhouse, Gower Street, Finsbury, St. Martin's, Hampstead, and Rotherhithe. Of the Kensington series, the best is a design, by R. R. Bayne, for a mansion, in the later German Gothic style, and, with its accompanying details, is a very successful work; a design for a dwelling-house and shop, by G. Williams (carpenter), is both meritorious and applicable. These are the most ambitious works; indeed, Mr. Bayne contributes the best work in the entire exhibition. A drawing of fruit and flowers, by Miss Street, and of a geranium, by T. Morris, are worthy of note, the former especially; but Kensington by no means shines, or, with the one exception we name, is at all superior in its results to the other schools.

A floral design, by T. J. Smith, is the most successful of the Charterhouse contributions. A similar work, arranged geometrically, by Mr. Glenny, is the best of its kind from the St. Martin's school; a fruit-piece, also contributed by a student of the same school, Mr. Trego, is an excellent arrangement of brilliant colour, as well as careful in design. This school is the best represented of any in the series. Throughout all the works we noticed too much of a stereotyped style of teaching, too much copying of one scroll pattern, and tedious repetitions, in country and town, of the floriated Roman chariot. Surely a little less of "red-tapism" might be advantageous in so large a field of study.

A series of works of students trained to master-ships, and appointed to schools of Art, is, in general, good, and forms the most striking portion of the exhibition. Then follows a series from local schools, in competition for the National Medal: here Liverpool and Sheffield excel. From the former city, the works of Messrs. Houlgrave, Mann, and Gamage are all good. The Egyptian, Greek, and Roman designs, by Mr. G. R. Read, of New-

castle-under-Lyme, are all most carefully designed, and truthfully elaborated. The three designs for plate and race-cups, furnished from the Sheffield schools, are excellent, the best being by Mr. C. Green. The patterns furnished by Mr. Evans, of Stoke-upon-Trent, for floral plateaus, are worthy of the attention of manufacturers. The study from life of a prostrate male figure, by Mr. Evans, of Manchester, is the best and most ambitious work of its class: the perspective and chiaroscuro are admirably managed. Miss Mary Alment, of Dublin, has a good bit of sylvan landscape, which promises greater results hereafter.

Hanging committees are frequently blamed elsewhere, and they often shift the blame on want of space, but at Kensington we have the singular feature of empty walls, and yet one half of the pictures are quite lost to view; the eight screens, upon which they are hung, form sixteen sides for display, but they are placed so close to the wall, that few persons think of squeezing behind them, and yet some of the best works are there. Thus, Miss Street's and Mr. Evans's designs have both to be sought for in obscurity, though the best works in the collection, which is an injustice to them, and an injury to the exhibition generally—all the more extraordinary as it is in a government building, constructed expressly to display its own labours, and with more than enough room to show all effectively. If such a thing had been done to the prejudice of the whole collection elsewhere, what would have been said?

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Royal Academy took place as usual. It was remarkable for only one incident: the Lord Chancellor, in the course of his speech, expressed a hope that such assemblies might meet within "those walls" for many years to come. The Earl of Derby, with his wonted acumen, perceived at once the error committed by his noble colleague, and distinctly intimated his expectation that not *there*, but in a palace of Art to be erected on the site of Burlington House, would future academicians dine.

THE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The Museum will be open free on Mondays, Monday evenings, Tuesdays, Tuesday evenings, and Saturdays. The students' days are Wednesdays, Wednesday evenings, Thursdays, and Fridays, when the public are admitted on payment of 6d. each person. The hours are from ten to six in the daytime, and from seven to ten in the evening. Tickets of admission for copying and consulting works on the students' days are issued at 2s. each, monthly; 3s. quarterly; 6s. half-yearly; and 10s. yearly. Copies of the programme may be obtained by application at the Museum, or from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, publishers, Piccadilly.

THE LADIES' ART EXHIBITION.—It is known to many that "the Society of Female Artists," in the third year of its existence, has contrived to be in debt. How this has chanced, or why it should be, we do not now inquire: so it is—or, rather, so it was; for the debt has been cancelled in two hours by one whose latest act of generosity it is our happy duty to acknowledge. Madame Goldschmidt is one of the committee; though not "an artist," in the ordinary sense of the term, she is a true and earnest "lover of Art," and so is her estimable husband; of his tastes we may more especially speak, as those of an accomplished gentleman, devoted to all the pursuits that inculcate goodness and ensure happiness. It will gratify many to know that a lady who, in her public position, has promoted so many works of mercy, is especially happy in domestic life. As one of the committee she was necessarily aware that the burthen of debt threatened the existence of the society, and she resolved to remove it. Her husband and herself determined to give a private concert in the exhibition room, by which a sum might be raised sufficient to relieve the society from its responsibilities, and set it fairly "afloat." This they did: on Wednesday, May 11, the object was thus accomplished, and the institutions of England have incurred another obligation to this admirable woman—an addition to a very long list. No publicity was given to the undertaking; we are not quite sure, indeed, that we do not betray confidence

* In this description we profit by the remarks of one who, a few days ago, saw the sketch of the monument in Professor Rietschel's atelier, in Dresden.

in making reference to it now it is done. The tickets were distributed by the several members of the committee, a moderate price was put upon them, inasmuch as only a moderate sum was required for the object in view. Some idea may be obtained of the rich treat, that many would have coveted, but few enjoyed, when it is known that Madame Goldschmidt sang seven times, two of her songs being English—"the Land of the Leal," and "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Goldschmidt also contributed largely to the delight of the occasion, as a composer and a performer, who has attained eminence in his profession, and whose titles to its higher honours are admitted by the critics in England as well as in Germany.

THE LAST CONVERSAZIONE for the present season, held by the "Artists' and Amateurs' Society," took place at Willis's Rooms on the evening of the 5th of May. The attendance of company was very large, and the display of artistic works both numerous and of unusual excellence; the committee seemed desirous of terminating their proceedings of this year in the most efficient and agreeable manner, and that such was the result no one in the room had the slightest doubt: the evening's entertainment was among the most brilliant of its kind we remember to have witnessed. A catalogue of the works exhibited would fill one of our pages: among those which most attracted our attention were Poole's large painting of "Solomon Eagle during the Great Plague of London;" Carl Haag's "Roman Peasants;" a noble drawing, in charcoal, by J. D. Harding, a study for his picture of "The Park," now in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society; a highly-finished sketch, in oil, of the well-known picture of "Laurel and his Dog," by John Gilbert; two small gems, in oils, of Turkish figures, by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A.; a fine early drawing, large, by Turner; drawings by D. Cox, Nesfield, &c.

THE SERIES OF DRAWINGS, illustrative of the story of the Norman Conquest, by D. MacIac, R.A., is now being exhibited, with the collection of the works of David Cox, in the upper rooms of the French Gallery, Pall Mall. These drawings, as many of our readers will, doubtless, recollect, formed one of the most attractive features in the Royal Academy, in 1857: we have examined them in their present abode with increased pleasure; they more than justify the opinion we expressed of them formerly, when we said that the invention and imagination they displayed are truly marvellous. The mind of the artist seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the subject: every figure looks a true impersonation of the half-civilized, stern, resolute, fierce, but not ungenerous, Saxon and Norman, and each incident is portrayed with a vigour and a grandeur of conception which, we are sure, no modern artist of any country could surpass; while to these qualities must be added that of simplicity of composition united with masterly and effective grouping. There are forty-two drawings; of the whole number those which we particularly admire are—No. 5. 'Harold and the Saxons confined in the Castle of Beaurain, near Montreuil;' No. 7. 'Guy of Ponthieu giving audience to Harold and his Companions;' No. 9. 'Harold receiving the Submission of Conan, Earl of Bretagne;' No. 10. 'William conferring upon Harold the dignity of a Norman Knight,' a remarkably fine composition; No. 11. 'Harold's Oath of Fidelity to William, sworn over the concealed Relics of the Saints,' another composition remarkably rich in character and expression; No. 19. 'Tostig, defeated in his Attempt against Harold, flies in his Galley from the English Coast;' No. 26. 'William, in a Procession, displays the Relics of St. Valery to allay the discontent of a portion of his Troops;' No. 32. 'The Deaths of Tostig and Harold Hardrada;' No. 33. 'Harold, wounded, sitting at a Banquet, at York, when a Herald announces the landing of William;' No. 34. 'The Fiery Star apostrophised by the Monk of Malmesbury;' No. 35. 'Harold offering Prayer and Adoration at the Abbey Church of Waltham;' No. 40. 'The Normans retreating, stayed and turned by William.' There is material enough in these forty-two drawings for a long descriptive analytical paper, had we room for one. They are, we understand, the result of Mr. MacIac's leisure evening hours, and most profitably have these been passed, as regards his own reputation, not less than the instruction thus given to the

public. In his treatment of the "story" he has evidently taken as its groundwork, Sir Balwer Lytton's romance of "Harold:" a work in which the facts of history are but little interwoven with its fictions, as regards the chief incidents. It is the intention of Mr. Gambart, who is, we believe, their owner, to have them engraved; if this be done in the spirit of the originals, the work will be a treasure every lover of Art would earnestly covet.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND SOCIETY.—The fiftieth, or jubilee, anniversary dinner of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 7th of last month. Mr. A. Beresford Hope occupied the chair, and was supported by a considerable number of artists and gentlemen interested in Art, among whom we recognised the President of the Royal Academy, Messrs. D. Roberts, R.A., J. H. Foley, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., F. Taylor, Louis Haghe, J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., George Godwin, F.S.A., Henry Twining, Dr. Lankester, &c. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, advocated in suitable and eloquent terms the claims of this institution to general support, its object being to assist the widows and orphans of artists who had been left entirely destitute, or insufficiently provided for. Notwithstanding the disbursements of the past year amounted to the sum of £818 15s., distributed among fifty-one widows, and eighteen orphan children, there were still numerous applicants seeking its aid, but which the committee was unable to give, from the languishing condition of its finances. He expressed a hope that the society would, from this, its fiftieth anniversary, receive a fresh start, and go forth furnished with increased funds to pursue its course of benevolence to those who may, unfortunately, require assistance. The secretary announced that the subscriptions of the evening amounted to the sum of £374 14s., including 100 guineas from the Queen, being Her Majesty's twenty-first subscription of a similar sum.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has held its eleventh annual exhibition of new inventions in machinery, &c., at its rooms in the Adelphi, and a very instructive and interesting gathering it was; embracing a large variety of useful inventions in all the necessary arts of life, from breach-loading cannon, to machines for knife-cleaning. Very many of the models exhibited were of the highest interest, particularly those which signalled danger to railway trains; others, such as were connected with electrical and other printing, marked the thoughtful progress of the age. A large number of what might be termed domestic inventions, such as the sewing machine, &c., exhibited the large amount of scientific attention now devoted to every article we use. The exhibition altogether well represented the condition of our useful arts.

THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH PICTURES IN PARIS is not to take place, or, at all events, is postponed. This is one of the emphatic evidences of the miseries of war. Mr. Gambart, who had been entrusted by the authorities in France, and also by the artists of England, with the collection of works, called together, recently, those who had signified their intention to exhibit, and announced to them this unwelcome intelligence; at the same time explaining to them the cordial feeling with which they would have been welcomed in Paris, the honours that awaited them there, and the sincere regret that evil times had fallen for awhile on Art and its professors.

M. BLANCHARD, the eminent French engraver, has been in London, on a visit to Mr. Gambart, for whom he is engraving the plate from Frith's famous picture of the "Derby Day." The etching is commenced, and a portion of it has been printed, the custom in France being different from that usually adopted in this country. There, a work is produced "piecemeal;" here, an impression is rarely taken until the whole of the subject has been etched. Report speaks in very high terms, and so does the artist most interested, in the thus far production of M. Blanchard.

FEMALE ARTISTS.—The Royal Academy has, it appears, received several applications having reference to the ill-policy of excluding women from their schools. The subject is one that may not be dealt with in a paragraph; we shall take an early opportunity of treating it at length.

THE BARON MAROCHETTI'S STATUE OF VICTORY has been placed, by consent of the Duke of Wellington, in his Grace's garden at Apsley House—one

of the most public places in London. The work has merit; indeed, so have all the baron's productions; but in England we have many sculptors by whom he is surpassed; it is the art in which we do not need professors, but for which we do want patrons. It is said that this "statue of Victory" was, or is, "the Angel at the Tomb," of the design for a monument proposed to be erected somewhere, and originally planned for St. Paul's. The Duke of Wellington has, it is said, commissioned and paid for this work, and it will probably be in a mausoleum at Strathfieldsaye. There is an idea abroad that the statue is thus placed, in order to show the loss that England has sustained, by not giving to the baron the commission ordered by the House of Commons, and for which, it will be remembered, the baron was invited to compete—an invitation he declined. Well: be it so. But if it be exhibited with a view to re-open this question, and to permit this gentleman to avail himself of advantages from which all other members of the profession are excluded, there will be only one word in the English language that can be used to describe such a procedure.

THE TURNER GALLERY.—Mr. J. S. Virtue is preparing for immediate publication a series of engravings from sixty of the most celebrated paintings by Turner, selected from those in the National Gallery, as well as from such as are in the hands of private individuals. The work is to be published in parts, and proofs only, in two states, will be circulated. We have seen a few specimens of the finished engravings, and can conscientiously testify to the beauty and excellency of the plates. The work will be published at a price that will bring it within the reach of a large number of patrons. The best of our line engravers—and the best only—are engaged to engrave the plates, many of which are already finished, and finished admirably. They will be, as we have said, issued only as *proofs* on India paper, and will become, at no distant period, of great value. The letter-press will be written by Mr. Wornum, the Secretary to the National Gallery, a gentleman every way qualified for the task, and who is acquainted with many curious anecdotes connected with each picture. It will be beautifully printed—the typography and the engravings. The work, therefore, promises to be, and no doubt will be, one of the most interesting and valuable of modern times,—a worthy monument to the great master.

WOOD-CARVING.—The showrooms of Mr. W. G. Rogers, in Soho Square, are now filled with an interesting collection of wood-carvings, executed by that well-known artist, for the decoration of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill; they comprise an hexagonal pulpit, a chancel screen, and a series of benches, all of oak, and all most elaborately decorated with a number of emblematic designs of much beauty. Mr. Rogers has been anxious to produce something original, and has not adopted any conventional style; he has taken what would best suit his ideas, from those of the Byzantine and mediæval eras, and treated them with the variety and freedom which a more direct reference to natural foliage would give. His series of "bench-ends" are not, as is so frequently the case, repetitions of one idea, but every panel or poppy-head differs from the others; and, as these amount to a very large number, the fertility of his inventive powers prove to be great indeed. Many of his simple and beautiful allegories are finely rendered, and the texts, here and there entwined among the ornaments, are singularly appropriate, and full of the broadest spirit of holiness. As works of Art these wood-carvings take high rank: they are beautiful originalities, boldly and broadly carried out, and we have never before seen an entire series of church decoration of so high an artistic character, evincing thought and deep feeling, and they are eminently "Protestant." We conceive that we shall have, in St. Michael's, a brilliant example of what a modern English church should be.

THE READINGS OF MISS GLYN.—This accomplished lady has been recently giving "Readings" of the dramas of Shakspeare, to the exceeding delight of "applauding audiences." Her advantages are large and many, physical and intellectual; a fine person, and remarkably expressive features, are by no means unimportant aids to such a task: these are eminently hers; she half reads and half acts the parts, carrying her auditors with her into the several scenes, by acting the characters as well as speaking

the words; thus giving to the play almost as much of reality as it could receive upon the stage. Her mind is of a high order; she entirely comprehends and enters into the part she enacts; her personations are calm and dignified, or eloquent and impressive, but always subdued by a seeming consciousness that she is rather reading a written poem than performing a drama in which force and passion are, so to speak, qualified by distance, and justified by surrounding appliances. Her "Readings" are therefore rare intellectual treats, in which the author is all in all; and we can conceive no means by which Shakspeare may be so effectually understood, or so truly enjoyed, as when thus presented to us—apart from all embarrassing circumstance—by one so thoroughly capable of rendering justice to so grand a theme. Whether tender or fierce, persuasive or energetic, whether exhibiting the gentler or the stronger passions, she is equally a mistress of her art; so intensely has she studied, and so completely has she understood the great poet, that every sentence receives its proper weight, while nothing is lost, nothing is exaggerated. There is no effort to produce mere effect; the purpose is solely to illustrate what the author meant: it is Shakspeare who is read—gracefully, emphatically, and forcibly. Her voice is singularly fine, her manner peculiarly impressive, her mind largely comprehensive; but the artist is evidently ever conscious that it is the author, and not the actor, who is to be brought before the audience in these "Readings;" and in this is their great charm. It is impossible to imagine a way by which an "evening" may be passed more agreeably, more intellectually, or to greater profit.

M. RUDOLF LEHMANN, a German artist, who is well-known, and highly estimated in England, and has large fame in Paris, where he has of late years made his home, received a mark of distinguished honour from the Prince of Wales, while his Royal Highness was at Rome. The prince inspected the artist's portfolio, and especially a series of crayon portraits of remarkable men of the epoch, with much attention, receiving from them great satisfaction and pleasure; afterwards his Royal Highness invited the artist to dinner. These evidences of love of Art, and appreciation of artists, are very welcome in this country, where the young hope of England has already grown into the affections of those over whom he is destined, by God's blessing, to rule.

THE LUCKNOW SCEPTRE.—A sceptre of agate, inlaid with gems, has been recently shown, by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, at whose establishment it may still be examined by the curious. It is of beautiful workmanship; the head is composed of one massive piece of fine oriental agate, elaborately fluted, in the form of a mace, and enriched with rubies and emeralds. A soldier found it at the sacking of Lucknow, and gave it to his officer, who presented it to Mr. W. H. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*.

COPYRIGHT IN ART.—Mr. Gambart recently obtained an injunction from Vice-Chancellor Wood, to restrain Messrs. C. and A. Louis, of Dowgate Hill, from importing, or otherwise dealing with, certain prints, the copyright of which is in the hands of the plaintiff. The prints in question are, "The Departure—Second Class," "The Return—First Class," "Can I come in?" "Saturday Night," "Sunday Morning," and "Shoeing," which, from the evidence offered by the counsel, appear to have been reproduced in Germany, and consigned for sale to the defendants, one of whom, it was alleged, had disposed of a large number.

ICONOCLASM.—Our readers will doubtless remember hearing of the injury done, some few months back, to the altar-piece of All Saints' Church, Langham Place. Since then, West's picture of the "Nativity," in Marylebone Church, has been partially destroyed; and the statues of the Queen and the Prince Consort, belonging to the proprietors of the Colosseum, have also been sadly mutilated. The police authorities were for a long time engaged in tracing out the offender, who at length has been discovered and brought to justice. As might reasonably be expected, the image-breaker and destroyer of pictures turns out to be a maniac, a poor chair-maker, who, about October last, was discharged as cured from the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, where he had, during his residence, exhibited strong predilections for the amusements in which subsequently he has so unfortunately indulged. The

man, whose name is John Hughes, was recently apprehended and tried for the offence. The jury acquitted him on the ground of insanity,—a verdict which, in all probability, will ensure his safe custody for life. The circumstances that led to his apprehension are somewhat singular. Hughes, it appears, besides the outrages alluded to, had scratched various sentences on the pews and monuments in the churches, such as, "Destroy rubbish." One of the keepers of the Hanwell Asylum, who had him under his care, saw the account which the newspapers published of the offences committed, and recollected that this was an expression which the lunatic often both used and wrote when at Hanwell. He immediately communicated his suspicions, that Hughes was the offender, to the authorities of the asylum, who gave him leave of absence to trace out Hughes, with whose haunts he was acquainted, and in a short time the poor maniac was handed over to the police. As the vestry of Marylebone Parish had offered a reward of £150 for the discovery of the perpetrator of the outrage, we presume the sum will be given to the Hanwell officer.

HERR CARL WERNER this year opens his exhibition of water-colour drawings on the first Monday in June, instead of the corresponding day in May, as has been his previous custom. The present collection will be found to sustain, and more than sustain, the high reputation of this accomplished artist. Herr Werner is now engaged upon some interior views of Westminster Abbey and the House of Lords, which will appear in his exhibition. He also is devoting some time daily to pupils.

BUST OF HANDEL.—A very interesting bust of the great composer has been produced by Messrs. Bates, Westhead, & Co. (the successors of John Ridgeway), of Shelton, Staffordshire, for Mr. Hawkins, of the "China Court," Crystal Palace. It is in Parian, and has been modelled by Theod. from Roubilliac's famous statue, in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society: the "authority," therefore, is unquestionable. Under any circumstances, the work would be an acquisition of value to all who regard music as an art or a delight, and can appreciate the compositions of the great man who is "for all time," and for every people. It will become a cherished treasure in homes where music is a source of happiness. The period of its "publication" is auspicious—in a few weeks tens of thousands of people will assemble at the Crystal Palace to commemorate "the centenary" of the mighty artist. No better memorial than this could have been devised to recall the occasion; and, as Mr. Hawkins has produced the bust in three sizes, to suit three "purses," we cannot doubt that its circulation will be, as it ought to be, very large.

THE MUSEO CAMPANA.—We fear this wonderful collection is no longer within reach of England. The Marquis Campana has been, by another arbitrary act of the Neapolitan government, deprived even of the semblance of control over it: he has been forced to resign all claim of right; and still remains in prison, where he is, indeed, likely to continue until its gates are opened, either by freedom or license, as the case must be, and that ere long, at Naples. The existing generation will never have so grand an opportunity of enriching a nation's stores of Art: we have lost it—and may deplore the "short sight" by which the loss is sustained.

THE CONTEMPLATED EXHIBITION OF 1861.—The operations of the committee are, we understand, suspended, under an impression that if there be an European war, there will be little probability of carrying out their project to a success, or in a manner worthy of the nations to be represented.

TWO VERY REMARKABLE PICTURES—of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem—may now be seen at Messrs. Jennings, Cheapside. They are the productions of Herr Müller and M. Whitlock, and are based upon researches made in Palestine by A. Raphael, Esq., a wealthy and eminent antiquary, who has devoted much money and much time to accomplish the important task he undertook.

THE ROMAN WALL.—Some years since, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland took up the notion that a complete survey of the great Roman wall, and of the stations along its line,—which, notwithstanding the fragments of the past, in the shape of inscriptions and other records, that they are constantly throwing up, have never been subjected to systematic investigation,—was an object

at once of interest and of importance;—and, not unnaturally, as some of our readers will think, he imagined that such interest and importance as belong to the theme are especially referable to a society of antiquaries. That shows, that neither he nor our readers in question have a clear notion as to what is the function of richly endowed societies in England. Accordingly, the Duke of Northumberland, in ignorance of the slumberous qualities of the body whom he addressed, proposed to the London Society, through its president, Lord Mahon, to pay the entire expenses of a thorough survey, if the Society of Antiquaries would put itself, with no demand upon its funds, at the head of these costly researches. Of course, the society refused,—and went to sleep again. Not so the Duke of Northumberland: he employed a surveyor of his own, Mr. MacLaughlan, to explore the wall, and the Watling Street north of Pierce Bridge, in Yorkshire; and the plans of the surveys, the castra on the course of the wall, and along the Watling Street, he has caused to be elaborately engraved, at a cost, it is said, of some thousands of pounds. The Duke has been liberal in his donations of this work to scientific and literary institutions, at home and abroad, and to individuals engaged in the investigation of our national antiquities:—and here is another instance, well worth recording, of dual means employed in a literary interest, and subsidizing Art in the interest of Science.

THE APPOINTMENT OF Mr. Grote to the chair of Professor of History at the Royal Academy, as stated in our last number, induces us to express a hope that the office will not be, as hitherto, merely honorary: Mr. Grote's well-known writings eminently qualify him to be a public teacher of history.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—Under this title a number of oil pictures, by Mr. L. W. Desanges, is now on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly: they illustrate incidents, chiefly in the Crimean campaign, which have won for the heroic actors the "Victoria Cross of Valour." Substituting individual acts of bravery for the triumphs of armies, and we are reminded, in some degree, of Horace Vernet's gallery of battle-pieces at Versailles. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Desanges is really a Vernet, though we think the veteran French battle-painter would not disown him as a not unworthy follower, especially as a colourist. The collection, which is to receive additions from time to time, as we understand, contains about twenty-two pictures, some of them large, the figures being life-size; the others, only finished studies for larger works now in progress. Our attention was principally directed to No. 1, "Commander W. N. Hewett, R.N., repelling a Sortie of Russians from Sebastopol," which may be described as a bold, full-length portrait of a young naval officer standing defiantly by the side of a heavy siege gun: No. 3, "Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Russell at the Battle of Inkermann;" a picture of some pretensions, but too melodramatic in its action: No. 4, "Major Probyn, C.B., 2nd Punjab Cavalry, at the Battle of Agra," as a whole, the best piece of painting in the gallery: No. 5, "Major C. Charles Teesdale, C.B., at the Battle of Kars;" No. 6, "Lieut.-Col. E. W. D. Bell, 23rd Regiment, at the Battle of Alma;" spirited as a composition, the horses, perhaps, taking precedence, in the eyes of an Art-critic, of the hero: No. 7, "Major G. L. Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, defending the Windmill Ravine, before Sebastopol;" the head of the private whom the gallant major seems to address is very finely and powerfully expressed. A small picture, marked No. 8, "Corporal R. Shields, 23rd Regiment, seeking his wounded Adjutant, Lieut. Dyneley," deserves especial remark; so also does No. 12, "Private Anthony Palmer, Grenadier Guards, charging singly upon the enemy at Inkermann;" both of these are really works of good Art. We know not to what extent Mr. Desanges proposes to carry out his project of a "Victoria Cross Gallery;" perhaps he is looking forward to a time when the nation will require a gallery illustrative of battles gained and of heroic actions; he will then be in a condition to offer them what will serve as a nucleus. At any rate, he has embarked in an enterprise that must cost much time and labour, and we hope he may find his reward in it: the pictures are highly interesting, and may prove sources of delight to thousands of visitors.

REVIEWS.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING. By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D. Published by CHALLEN & SONS, Philadelphia.

This is an interesting volume; we wish we could add, it is also an honest one, but the facts that appear with reference to the manner in which it has been produced preclude such a verdict in its favour: we refer to the topographical illustrations in the book, and not to the text. Dr. Barclay resided in Jerusalem for a considerable time; he was there when the late Mr. W. H. Bartlett visited the city to make sketches and collect materials for his well-known works on Jerusalem, from which it appears Dr. Barclay has copied several of the illustrations, and announced them as original: out of the five steel plates introduced in the American publication, the only one which has any title to originality is the portrait of the author; three of the others being copies of Bartlett's drawings, not merely unacknowledged, but described, as "from a photograph." Of his forty-five woodcuts, we learn from the publisher's preface that twenty-eight are from transfers, and only seventeen profess to be original; while among these is one only so far new that it is a reduction of one of Bartlett's steel plates. With respect to the lithographs, which principally consist of plans, &c., they most closely resemble those already in existence, still the panoramic view of "Jerusalem from the east," attributed to Dr. Barclay's artist, Mr. Rounthal, is a manifest copy of Bartlett's "Panorama of Jerusalem," in his "Jerusalem Revisited"; and we think that in other lithographs a free use has been made of the subjects in the English volumes, although some alterations may be detected in the details.

It is a pity that Dr. Barclay should have rendered himself amenable to the charge which these plagiarisms involve: had he applied to the English proprietors of Mr. Bartlett's copyrights, he might, there is little doubt, have obtained without difficulty whatever he wished, and, perhaps, at a cheaper rate than he has paid for copies. Detection was sure to follow the adoption of the course pursued, for Bartlett's works are as well-known and as popular in America as they are here. The appropriation, to use a mild term, of the cuts, without the slightest acknowledgment, is, moreover, to be reprobated, because our English author and artist, in his "Jerusalem Revisited," repeatedly expresses his obligations to the doctor and his accomplished daughter for their kind assistance and hospitality while he was staying in the "City of the Great King."

LIVERPOOL, 1850. From a Drawing by J. R. ISAAC. Published by the Artist, Castle Street, Liverpool.

An elaborately drawn "bird's-eye" view of the great commercial port, with its miles of docks stretching seawards along the northern banks of the Mersey, its vast storehouses, continuous streets, its squares and churches, its lines of railways connecting it with other places of busy industry; and, on the opposite side of the river, the rising town of Birkenhead, with its docks and other objects, forming the nuclei of future mercantile rivalry. The print is a large chromo-lithograph, treated so artistically as to give it all the appearance of a well-executed picture. The view is taken from the eastern side of Liverpool, the eye taking in the Cheshire coast as far as the Fort and Rock Light-house, and, on the Lancashire side, the country beyond the town within the limits of vision. When one looks at this huge mass of buildings, and recollects what we read of Liverpool as it stood only a century ago, one is astonished at its growth, and, did we not know what English enterprise and industry accomplish wherever opportunity occurs for their exercise, should pronounce it an impossibility. Mr. Isaac is at present engaged on a similar view of Manchester, which, from what we have seen, promises to be as admirable a work as "Liverpool."

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

"Our Farm of Four Acres." The romance of a four-acre farm! Charming! A lady farmer—straw hat—green watering-pot—cottage *crucée*—Kerry cow—spangled bantams—gold fish in a granite basin—little pigs, sponged with Naples soap—curds—cream and strawberries! So much for the suggestions created by the *first* title!

"And the Money we made by it!" We open the little volume with a strange mingling of

respect and curiosity. A lady make money by a farm of "four acres!" Yes; here comes the mingling of poetry and prose—the prose certainly in the ascendant. It is, to write seriously, a volume that no dweller in the country should be without, now that those who make their money in London—from the banker to the banker's clerk—migrate in every direction round the metropolis,—some placed by circumstances, which it is a mistake to call the happiest, above the necessity for domestic economy; others obliged to weigh carefully the means of life, and consider how that life can appear respectable on "limited means." A book like that upon our table becomes certainly to the latter a safe guide and companion, protecting the young country housekeeper from the errors of ignorance, and giving information to the more advanced, with a zeal and accuracy which is quite invaluable. The difficulties of finding a country home are first explained; and then follows the detail of country life, and country occupations,—our "cows," and what we made by them, reduced to hard figures,—the account of "our" butter making (we wish the "American churn" had been tried: we speak from experience, and know its value as a saver of time),—"our" pigs—"our" poultry—"our" pigeons,—how we cured "our" hams,—"our" bread,—"our" kitchen garden,—"*the money we made!*" All dealt with cheerfully, playfully, rationally—teaching and expounding,—drawing pleasure from duty, and amusement from—we had almost written labour. No "country life," passed as this "lady" passes hers, could be dull or uninteresting. If a "lady" take into the country, as her staple commodity, the habits and desires of a town life, she will simply be herself uncomfortable, and make every one within her sphere restless and discontented. Many such have no idea of what they should do—how they can economise—and find that, except in house rent, they effect no saving. *Here* is their teacher. Any home-loving, active, intelligent woman, of limited means, and surrounded by "olive branches," can here learn from "OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES" how an income may be increased, and the many advantages and blessings of a country life multiplied, by following wise instructions, dictated by acquired knowledge and practical experience.

THE DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE. Lithographed by A. SIKOUY, from the Picture by GEROME. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

Although, happily, the custom of duelling is gone entirely out of fashion in England,—while even on the continent this half-barbaric practice is falling into desuetude, and the majesty of the law is allowed to vindicate real or fancied wrongs, rather than the pistol or the rapier,—it was well to give a wide circulation, through the printing-press, to the great moral lesson taught by Gerome's finely-dramatic, but most painful, picture of "The Duel after the Masquerade," which was exhibited last year in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. It is an appalling scene: the combatants and their seconds, heated doubtless with wine and the night's revelry, have quitted the assembly of "fools and their follies," and have met, in an open space of the "Bois de Boulogne" it may possibly be, to settle a quarrel, probably about some one unworthy a jangling of words, still more unworthy of the life's blood that has been poured out. All are in masquerade costume: the clown is there, and the harlequin, a Turk, a Venetian noble, and other characters, and the deep snow, trodden and blood-stained, is under their feet, and the cold grey mist of a wintry morning is above and around them. The duel has been fought: one of the combatants has received his death-wound, and is supported, a pale and ghastly figure, by his friends and seconds. The victor, led by harlequin (could satire be more eloquently expressed?), is hurrying away to a carriage, looming indistinctly on the verge of the battle-ground. It is a picture most striking and truthful in the lesson it inculcates, and powerful in the manner in which the subject is treated. As an example of lithographic Art, the print is also worthy of commendation.

THE LONELY HEARTH. Engraved by F. BACON, from a Painting by RANKLEY. Published by GRAYES & Co., London.

We have here a cottage interior. A somewhat aged peasant is sitting by a lonely fire-side, while guardian angels are bearing away the form of his dead wife. They are not watching over the departed clay: why should they? The spirit is gone—the funeral is over, for the hat, crape encircled, lies on a chair. How the incident has been felt, or in what manner the sentiment is meant to be con-

veyed, we are at a loss to say. No consolation is there for the afflicted: the angels are not ministering to him. His thoughts are of the dead, no doubt, as he sits beside his now lonely hearth; but that is not enough, either to picture or to teach. We cannot comprehend the artist's purpose; for although the untasted breakfast is before him, the fire burns brightly. We may warn artists against too much dealing with subjects of this class, which must be deeply felt to be truthfully rendered.

SCHOOL PERSPECTIVE: being a Progressive Course of Instruction in Linear Perspective, both Theoretical and Practical. Specially designed for the Use of Schools. By J. R. DICKSEE. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London.

Numerous as are the books which have been written on the science of perspective, there are none, it would seem, to suit the purposes of Mr. Dicksee, in his office of drawing-master to the City of London School, and to the Normal College for Training Teachers of British and Foreign School Society. He has therefore compiled and published such a treatise as, from his own experience, he finds adapted to his requirements, and as he believes will be of service to others—pupils as well as teachers. The lectures and exercises constituting the course by which the students at the college have been prepared for the annual Government examinations, form the groundwork of the manual; to this much new matter and a great number of exercises have been added, and it is primarily divided into two parts—Theoretical and Practical.

To master the science of perspective is not an easy task for the young student of Art to accomplish. It has proved a stumbling-block which many, desirous of learning, could never pass over; and only because it has not been set before them in a simple, intelligent manner. A man may possess a thorough knowledge himself of some science or Art, while at the same time he is utterly incapable of imparting what he knows to others; and thus, at the very outset, the learner encounters difficulties which he feels he cannot overcome, because his teacher has not the ability to help him; and, as a consequence, the one is wearied with fruitless efforts at instruction, and the other is discouraged with fruitless efforts at learning. Now, Mr. Dicksee's book aims at remedying both evils, and thereby assisting both parties; and we think he has succeeded in his objects. The plan of the work is systematically progressive, and just so much of descriptive explanation is given as seems necessary to enable the student thoroughly to understand the subject. It is illustrated with a large number of woodcuts, not merely of diagrams and geometrical forms, but of landscapes and other subjects elucidating and explaining the precepts laid down in the text. It is also published at a very moderate price, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes.

MAPS. Published by J. WYLD, London.

The war-trumpet blown on the continent has put our map-sellers on the alert, with reference to the countries in which the operations of contending armies are taking place. Mr. Wyld has just issued a "Map of the Theatre of War in Italy," in which is comprehended the whole of the Italian States lying north of Rome, and those parts of Austria, France, and Switzerland which immediately border the Italian provinces. It is rather large in size, and is clearly engraved, so that any one desirous of following the movements of the hostile armies will find no difficulty in doing so.

Another publication emanating from the same source is a "Map of London, and New Postal Districts," amid the mazes of which both eye and mind seem almost to lose their consciousness, notwithstanding the precision and accuracy with which the modern Babylon is traced out on the paper. The draughtsman and the printer have done their best to produce order out of a vast chaos of bricks and mortar, extending from Parson's Green to Bow Creek, east and west, and from Tottenham to Brixton, north and south.

CHOICE GARDEN FLOWERS. With Coloured Illustrations. By JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

This is a very choice little manual of garden flowers, containing advice and information for their culture, and various modes of propagation, which cannot fail to be of value, to ladies particularly who take an interest in their flowers beyond that of gathering their bloom. The illustrations are correctly drawn and beautifully coloured, but the margin should have been larger, or the flowers smaller, as the effect is impaired by their size.

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12 Dessert Forks	1 10 0	1 15 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 10 0	1 15 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 15 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 15 0	0 15 0	0 15 0	1 1 0
3 Butter Ladles	0 7 0	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 4 0	0 11 0	0 12 0	0 7 0
3 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 2 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 7 0	0 9 0
1 Butter Knife	0 15 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 1 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0
1 Sugar Sifter				
Total	13 14 0	14 11 0	17 14 0	21 4 0

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